

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. LIII.—No. 1360.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1923.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.



VANDYK.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK AND HIS FIANCEE.

41, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. 11.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 6-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

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Farmers and a National Agricultural Policy

MR. HARRY GERMAN, the new President of the National Farmers' Union, comes into his office with the sympathy and goodwill of all who are connected with the science and practice of agriculture. They fully recognise the difficulties with which the farmers are faced. Along with our contemporaries, we have drawn attention to the number of holdings which showed an unfavourable balance for this year, and there is little reason for hoping that any great improvement will take place in the immediate future. These are facts regarding cultivation, but there is a nation to be considered as well as a particular class. Mr. German has made it clear that he considers it necessary to reduce our dependence on imported food supplies. He has also indicated that an output from the soil could be obtained in excess of the economic maximum. His third point is the retention or the increase at an adequate living wage of the existing number of workers employed on the land. For this and an increased return the nation must be prepared to pay, and he asserts boldly that this can only be done by subsidies or protection. Now, at the moment, it would be futile to discuss the theory of protection, but one fact about it is generally admitted, and this is, that it would raise the cost of living. With the vast army of unemployed and a tendency for wages to fall in every industry, it is, as Mr. Bonar Law and others have already said, idle to discuss a policy of protection. Any interference with the cheapness of food would produce anarchy at the present moment. A nation which pays taxation, on the authority of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, of an average of £20 per head

of the men, women and children would not, without strife, accept a policy which would lay a greater burden upon the taxpayer. It is not as though agriculture were suffering more than any other great industry. The crowds of unemployed proclaim how severely the effect of the war is still felt. It could do no good to insist on help at the present time. No policy can at once cancel the effects of the war.

Mr. German appears to hope that the nation, after consideration, may intimate its desire to see the business organised on a strictly economical basis, and if it does not, he paints a lurid picture of "diminished production, diminished rural employment, and the consequent flocking of the rural workers to the towns, and laying down to grass of all but the most fertile lands, and the reversion to what was known as 'ranch-farming,' the abandonment of all 'back-to-the-land' schemes, and all idea of a repopulated countryside." That is a poster printed in letters six feet high. We cannot believe that in any circumstances the farmers of Great Britain would go back to "ranch-farming," which is really the most primitive form of cultivation. The rural workers are not likely to flock into the towns as long as employment remains at a very low ebb. Those who look forward do not see much prospect of increasing imports from abroad. On the contrary, America and other countries will not be able to keep their worst cereal land in cultivation in view of dropping prices.

Industry, generally speaking, exhibits signs of improvement, but it is not going to be next year or the year after that we shall once more be able to pay for our imported food through the medium of exported manufactured goods. A sound policy would be based on that consideration. The history of the wars of the past, as far as it relates to the land, is uniform. First there is a great inflation. Many were the fortunes made by husbandry after the Napoleonic war, but the boom did not last much longer than the conclusion of peace. There followed a time of exhaustion and lethargy which reached its culmination in the period commonly known as the "Hungry Forties." After that the country rallied and, with the exception of a few checks separated from one another by a considerable period of years, English industry once again asserted its pre-eminence, and England enjoyed the richest epoch in its history during the last fifty years of the past century and the first ten of this. War broke out and, despite the fact that a certain number of people made money out of it, the general effect was one of impoverishment. Nothing else could happen, and the best thing for the farmers to do is to face that fact. The brighter side of the question is to be found in the increased efficiency of agriculture. This arises from the better education of the farmers; from the great improvement in machinery, and from better seeds and better means of cultivation.

What the farmers should do is to explore other means of making a livelihood than that of growing cereals. At the same time, they should not forget that in our colonies and in foreign countries the standard of living has greatly increased, and it is a rank impossibility that wheat and other cereals should be sent into this country as cheaply as they were in the 'eighties of last century. After all, the farmers in this country, in competing with those distant lands, have the advantage of greatly handicapped rivals. Even the wheat from Canada has to be carried a considerable distance on land, and, in addition, the Atlantic lies between the Canadian growers and the English consumers. In some branches of husbandry the farmers are able to do very well even at the present time. Dairying is profitable, pig-rearing is profitable, and the market for pork and bacon has been enlarged to an extent never before dreamed of. So, again, with poultry; many of the countries, such as Russia, from which we imported great quantities of eggs, are sending very few now, and poultry farming has been established on a thoroughly sound foundation. The side lines thus indicated, along with the palliatives that have been suggested, surely ought to help the farmers to pull through. The country would be with them if they insisted on the railway companies lowering transport, which remains too dear in spite of the small concessions that have been made.



COUNTRY NOTES

FOUR THOUSAND POUNDS is the sum for which we appeal to-day in order to secure the rest of Box Hill from the speculator and to give it to the nation. Lord Francis Hope has made a generous proposal to accept £7,000 for 248 acres with its timber, which works out at roughly £28 an acre, whereas the late Leopold Salomons had to give £50 per acre. The whole 550 acres will form a national park, exceptionally cheap of maintenance, in the most wild and lovely part of the Surrey Downs. This new part is a paradise of wild flowers in woods that have never been cleared, and yet a bare half-hour in the train from London. If this beautiful region can be handed over the nation's property will be more than enlarged and rounded off; the æsthetic value of what the public already hold will be actually increased by the assurance that the adjoining land shall not be exploited. Already, where other tracts have been sold, notably along the road to Walton, can be seen what form such exploitation would take: bungalows of the most vulgar and meanest sort have there been run up in rudely hacked clearings of the woods, constituting a literal abomination of desolation. The Box Hill Management Committee have voted £1,000, and a reader in Rio de Janeiro, who has sent us £1,000 "to help decent things to be done in England," with a promise of the last thousand pounds required, will surely succeed in his intention of thereby encouraging other readers to subscribe. His action is a translation into generous practice of that passionate love of the countryside which we all secretly feel, and will arouse an echo, we hope, no less practical in many British hearts.

AN agricultural correspondent writes: My week-end was devoted to interviewing farmers and landowners in one of the Eastern Counties. They represented various types of cultivator, and all of them were known as first-rate men. Without being utterly pessimistic in their outlook, they agreed that the moment was a very critical one in the history of the industry. Those affected belong to all the various classes of agriculture. There was a landowner who cultivates two thousand acres and whose name is a household word as a leading authority on husbandry. He told me that during the last two or three years he had not found it possible to avoid loss, and the future looked very grave. He did not believe that there was any immediate remedy, because the real cause of the bad time was that there is a lack of spending capacity in all European countries. He produced an official book, published by the United States Department of Agriculture, which showed that before the war there was a considerable amount of importation of foreign grains into nearly all the Continental countries. Russia, of course, was a marked exception, because at that time Russia was one of the great wheat-producing countries.

NEEDLESS to say, exportation from Russia has been sadly curtailed since the war. Continental countries need the cereals, but are not in a position to buy them.

What is needed is a space of four years or so of tranquillity during which they might amass enough to increase their purchases of foreign grain. In the meantime these markets are nearly closed, so that Great Britain is, from the farmer's point of view, in the unhappy position of having more foreign wheat sent to her than she can consume. My informant said that the difficulty was that of finding means to hold on till times improved. He took the philosophic view that war had impoverished the world, but that the countries would be compelled to save and work, and that the revival, though it might begin slowly, would gain strength by going.

ANOTHER of those interviewed is a landowner and also a famous authority on economics. He seemed to me to have his attention concentrated almost too much on the rate of exchange. The mere fact that the sovereign had recovered parity seemed to him a sign that we had touched bottom and that things must grow better. His technical discussion of the exchange did not seem to me quite satisfactory—not that it was illogical in any way, but it did not take into account political changes and ruptures. For example, if, owing to causes which are well understood, anarchy was spreading more and more over the Continent, the argument about the exchanges would not hold good. The state of the exchange is not a cause either of prosperity or the reverse, but only a symptom. In order to maintain the value of the sovereign there must be a general increase in saving and industry. He agreed to this in a way, but was apparently wedded to his theory of exchanges as affording an ultimate solution.

WINTER.

Ah me! Ah me! 'Tis a dreary thing,
When no flowers bloom and no birds sing
To be alone in a country lane
And hear no sound but the dripping rain;
When leaves all lying along the ground
Melt at a tread and make no sound;
And the stept-on twig sinks into the mud,
And field and meadow are swamp and flood;
When the thyme that climbed on the chalky bank,
Lies there motionless, grey and dank.

Ah me! I find it a dreary thing
To be alone, when no birds sing,
With only the memories of spring.

GLADYS ECHLIN.

ANOTHER informant was an extremely shrewd and capable estate manager. He had come back from a famous market with the intimation that there was "nothing doing." Some farmers had taken the same samples for many succeeding weeks without receiving an offer from the seedsmen. The latter, indeed, had not been able to lift what they had previously bought; in other words, they had drawn on their banking accounts as far as they could, and the banks in many instances have come to the conclusion that it would not be safe to make more advances. One or two are performing the operation that he described as "putting on the screw," and it is to be feared that, unless something is done to meet the situation, it will be impossible to avoid an increase in the number of bankruptcies. This was particularly the case with regard to those who had bought their farms at a time when land was begging and prices were correspondingly high. They found that the interest they had to pay on their borrowings was more than the rent charged when they were tenants, and that being owners made them subject to expenses which they escaped while they were tenants.

THIS view was emphatically supported by a farm manager who is considered to be, if not the most skilful farmer of the eastern counties, at least in the very first flight. In addition, I had a long conversation with a financial authority who is in close touch with farmers of all classes. He did not speak pessimistically, but thought the very greatest care would be needed to nurse the industry through this crisis in its difficulties.

He pointed out that farmers were naturally divided into various classes. There are the thrifty men who, when things were going well with them, bought Government Stock. They are grouching a great deal because they are forced into selling this Stock in order to meet the needs of the hour. These, however, are men who he considered were sure to weather the storm. In some cases they have succeeded in avoiding as much loss during the last twelve months as they did in the preceding twelve months, and by means of economy and enterprise they are, being the best of their class, in the way of holding out till luck turns.

THERE are others who seemed to think that when the good prices prevailed they had come to remain for ever, and they accordingly indulged in motor cars and hunters, and generally adopted a higher and more expensive rate of living. A few of these had been warned in time and were taking steps to return to their simpler method of living, but others had gone so far that it would take them all their time to get out of the muddle. He also commiserated the fate of those who had purchased their farms without being in the position to do so out of their own resources. They, he was sure, would have a hard struggle. His proposal was that the Government should introduce a credit system that would enable all those who deserved credit to tide over their immediate difficulties. He ran over the forms of farming that are remunerative at the present time. They were: pig breeding, which is remunerative at the moment, but is in some danger of being overdone; dairy farming, which for the time being is the most remunerative branch of agriculture; poultry keeping, the importance of which is being far more recognised than before. An example shown to me was that of a great breeder of pedigree stock who had taken to poultry keeping. One of his achievements was visible in the shape of an immense flock of chickens that had been hatched out in August and would be among the early spring chickens on the market. They are fine birds that, in the course of a week or two, will have attained the four-pound weight which the poulterer likes best. He had also done well by producing turkeys in large numbers which sold well at Christmastime. Those who look at the question most intelligently attach a great deal of importance to the adoption of lines of husbandry such as these.

THERE is, evidently, going to be a determined fight between the Government and the Trades Unionist leaders. What is required of the Government is that help should be given in the way of supplying a portion of the capital for the building of new houses, such new houses being specially suited for dwellings for the artisan class. It would be a great concession on the part of the Government to do this; in other words, important help is needed from the ratepayers. One would suppose that Trades Unionists would gladly do whatever they could to get the suggestion turned into an agreement. Instead of doing that they are trying to make the occasion one for reducing the number of working hours and for increasing the wages of the bricklayer. "Is the latter badly paid, then?" becomes a burning question. The answer can only be in a very decided negative. According to Lord Weir, bricklayers' wages are 72s. 6d. a week, while the wages of a skilled engineer are 57s. Now, a bricklayer's work requires very little skill. It is the custom of a great many labourers to turn bricklayers when the building trade is busy and to take any other job, from a gardener's help upwards and downwards, when building is slack. The public at large will have no difficulty in concluding that the wage of 72s. 6d. is excessive. The Union man must know that as well as any other. We believe, however, that if the public obtain a full grasp of the facts they will steadfastly refuse to be bullied by the Trades Unionists into paying as taxes a wage to bricklayers that is out of all proportion to the wages of other labourers in the country.

MR. ROGER FRY'S article on the Wertheimer Sargents in last week's *New Statesman* is as brilliant and yet as sober a piece of criticism as we have ever read, teeming

with pithy sayings, but, like all his opinions, the outcome of long consideration. "Art applied to social requirements and social ambitions" is his judgment on the pictures themselves. Mr. Sargent himself, however—"a brilliant ambassador between Sir Asher Wertheimer and posterity"—remains, in Mr. Fry's estimation, "our greatest practitioner in paint," analogous to our greatest medical and legal practitioners as compared to the greatest scientists and legislators. As a portrait painter he has superlative dexterity, a terribly observant eye, and is entirely detached; but "his values are not æsthetic values, they are the values of social and everyday life . . . to which he has known how to turn the discoveries of pure art." Lest we should have any doubts left as to Mr. Sargent's genius, his critic exactly locates it. Somebody had said that "Mr. Sargent has ascended Parnassus so high that all can see him. I think," says Mr. Fry, "he has got wrong in the topography. It is not Parnassus but another neighbouring mountain which frequently gets confused with it when viewed from a distance. This mountain has not yet been named. It is very high and has the advantage of never being lost in cloud as Parnassus frequently is. A number of very celebrated artists sit there, and Mr. Sargent takes his place on it perhaps not a very long way below Frans Hals, Vandyck and Sir Thomas Lawrence." "Has not yet been named." But is it not Olympus?

THE PINE TREE.

A wind blew through the resin tree
And ah! the violin was strung,
And so to valleys and to hills
A song was sung.

A wind blew down the gully wild
And ah! the violin was mute,
The solitary singer lay
Torn up by the root.

ANNE F. BROWN.

THE result of the first two International Rugby matches of the season gives the impression that the Scottish team should this year have the best chance it has had for a long while of finishing at the top of the tree. The victory over France was not quite so overwhelming nor so convincing as it might have been, but the team is clearly a formidable one. It is a young team, which is more than can be said for that of some other countries, and a strong team; strong, moreover, at all points, and not merely, as some Scottish sides have been, in the matter of burly forwards. But—and this is always a big "but" in International football—the Scotsmen have got to play Wales in Wales, which is a different thing from playing anywhere else. The Welsh side may not be a great one; it did not show itself one at Twickenham, but at Cardiff or Swansea it might well have approached greatness. Almost certainly it would not have thrown away one or two of the chances it enjoyed with the wind at its back. However, "ifs and ans" do not count in football; the English fifteen fully deserved to win, if only on account of their forward play. They, too, missed some chances, but certainly took two. Price's try and Smallwood's dropped goal were striking pieces of "opportunism," and they won the match.

ACCORDING to the *Times*, it is held in official railway quarters that the remarks made in COUNTRY LIFE in regard to certain railway rates are regarded as "without foundation and entirely opposed to facts." It happens, however, that the majority of the instances we cited are supported by figures emanating from the railway companies themselves. In one important instance we cannot secure the official documents in time for this week's issue, and, therefore, we think it best to defer till next week a full account of the authoritative facts on which our comment was based. It takes time to do this in regard to certain produce, at any rate, though it is true that everybody who consigns or receives agricultural produce has the most direct evidence of the rates he is charged. In some cases these are not to be found in rate books, but only in receipted bills.

BOX HILL: A CITY'S PARADISE

"COUNTRY LIFE'S" APPEAL.

"Ripe for Development." That is how the land adjoining Box Hill, now for sale, is advertised. In February last we announced Miss Warburg's gift to the nation of one side of "Happy Valley"—the most beautiful part of that group of hills—at the same time expressing the hope that her and Mr. Leopold Salomons' princely generosity might be emulated in order to secure the rest of the valley and the adjoining woods, 248 acres in all, and thus the nation's property be safely rounded off. As a result, a reader sent us, from Rio de Janeiro, £1,000. Our reader, who insists on anonymity, thus gave his reason:

I am not a wealthy man, and I work very hard for every thousand pounds I earn, but I want to help decent things to be done in England. In addition to this thousand pounds herewith, I will subscribe the last thousand pounds required, ON CONDITION THAT THE PURCHASE BE COMPLETED BY SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1923.

The Box Hill Management Committee has guaranteed £1,000, and COUNTRY LIFE will give an initial £250 on condition that three donations of a like sum are forthcoming; but we must appeal to lovers of England, and readers of COUNTRY LIFE in particular, for the remaining £4,000, which will make up the price, £7,000, required by the owner, Lord Francis Hope. We do not often so appeal to our readers, but when we do, they may be certain that the object is of supreme importance, not for their happiness alone, but for that of tens of thousands of those less fortunate. In this we are the nation's servants. Help us that we be not found unprofitable servants, to be deprived even of that which we have. Every contribution, a list of which will from time to time be published, every remittance, however humble, will be gratefully received by us, and its fruit by a great company that none can number.

NOT often is it possible for a man to do as much good with one stroke as was accomplished by the late Leopold Salomons when he presented Box Hill to the nation. It was a splendid gift, and the donor thoroughly deserves the happily conceived memorial which is going to be erected on the edge of that part of the hill now known as Donkey Green, where it overlooks the richly diversified and wide

landscape in which such distant points as Chanctonbury Ring and the Gap of Shoreham may be seen on days of good visibility. The form is that of a pointer or indicator of the directions in which the different views lie. At the same time it will provide seating accommodation, so that the visitor while he drinks in the health-renewing air of the Surrey hills may ruminate at ease and leisure on the natural map spread out before his eyes



W. Selge.

MEREDITH CALLED THIS THE HAPPY VALLEY. IT IS ABOUT A MILE FROM HIS HOUSE.

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and realise that nowhere are field and valley, town and village, charged with deeper significance in English history. Surrey and Kent and Sussex—are there any other counties in which it can be said with fuller meaning: "This is England. This is Home"?

Donkey Green requires no etymological dictionary to explain its meaning. The patient ass, standing in dozens, each with a burden of laughing boy or girlhood, is enough for that. He and the swings, roundabouts and tea-room testify to the popular delight in Box Hill. Ages before Mr. Salomons came to Norbury the neighbourhood attracted the more thoughtful lovers of nature. Long, long ago the best type of young Londoner, the youth resolutely mastering a profession or working out some worthy ambition in London, but with heart and soul longing for green woods and rolling valleys, recognised magic in the very phrases "The Sussex Downs," "The Surrey Hills." It was and is his greatest joy to map out a walk between one station and another or to make a cycle tour on a Sunday or other holiday. We do not in this connection breathe the word motor, because it suggests ease and prosperity, the man who has arrived—not long-legged, keen and ardent youth who is still at the stage of adventure. Golden little companies, though they knew it not! Think of the lawyers, judges, philosophers and men of letters and the conversation they must have had as they tramped Box Hill and its neighbourhood, greatness and distinction still in the distance. Such youths, the promise and hope of the country, are to be seen to-day on Box Hill and, though some may doubt it, their numbers go on increasing.

It will be welcome news to them, as it would have been to men like Mr. Salomons and George Meredith, had they been alive, that a proposal is on foot to enlarge the open space by the addition of an estate of about three hundred acres. It contains a fine hill, Juniper Top, and the valley below it has a most peculiar beauty. Entomologists know it well as a favourite hunting ground, but he who sees it a first time will do so with astonished delight. I know a similar dene or ravine—that down which the Dipton Burn runs, a few miles from Hexham, and visited by the curious for the sake of the Queen's Cave in which Margaret of Anjou hid after the battle. But Dipton—the Deep Dene—is a good four hundred miles from London and the other only twenty. Yet the bank in Surrey is as wild and precipitous as that in Northumberland, and the wood is as thorough a wilderness. One thing it lacks, namely, water; one of the little clear brooks that "tumble as they run" would have made the valley perfect. The trees are different, but that is in favour of Surrey with its ancient avenues and natural thickets of yew. I hope if the scheme is carried through that an effort will be made to preserve and, where necessary, plant the trees natural to the district. There are the junipers, to put the least important first, the yew and the box. It is from the last mentioned that Box Hill takes its name. At any rate, the box feels very much at home here, as might be inferred from the giant hedges in what was once George Meredith's garden. The



THE TRACK THROUGH THE VALLEY.



LOOKING TOWARDS HEADLEY.



W. Selfe.

AFTERNOON IN THE VALLEY.

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best box hedge is never so good as the best yew hedge, and those in Meredith's garden prove on examination thinner than a merely external view leads one to expect. Still they are great hedges, not trimmed to a mathematical neatness, but kept "knobbly." One would rebel against the use of coniferous trees on Box Hill were it not for the wood behind the little chalet Meredith had built for writing and solitude. The poet's walk down the middle, with its dim, melancholy and cloister-like beauty, has the softening and subduing effect of the forest primeval. One can see the ghost of the old man walking there still.

A different picture and a different lesson! Where Box Hill has as boundary the long avenue of firs starting from the house built by Mr. Broadwood of piano fame for the purpose of making a "vista" the land drops in a moderately steep slope to the bottom of the valley. A stretch of it between two plantations is bare of trees and grassy. Before the war it was covered with fir trees, and piercing grief was expressed when they were felled for military use. Few to-day would assert that a great improvement has not been effected. As long as the felled trunks and the usual accompaniment of woodland havoc lay in confusion it was felt that one of the charms of Box Hill had been sacrificed to the war; but now the clearance is seen to be an improvement. The slope, grass-grown and framed in woodland, is beautiful. No sign of the woodcutter remains except the deeply rutted track made when the timber was hauled away.

Yews grow naturally on the soil and appear to have done so for ages. Were they growing when Chaucer passed with his merry company to the shrine of Thomas à Becket? From Box Hill you may trace their route by the yew trees that occur at intervals along. It makes one agree with Francis Watt's description in "Canterbury Pilgrims": "To the Wey succeeds the Mole, which the road crossed near Burford Bridge past Dorking. I once deemed the way between Guildford and Dorking the prettiest in England, but of late years it is too much built on and there is an ever-increasing motor traffic. *The Pilgrim's Way which winds along the hill-side is still remote, secluded, lovely*"—the italics are ours and meant to draw attention to a perfect description of a rather wistful relic of times and people and beliefs that have become hoary and moss-grown with the passage of years. Burford Bridge's connection with the Pilgrim's Way is supported by the memory of a chapel to St. Thomas.

The most charming account of Box Hill is that given by Lady Russell in her little book, "Memories of George Meredith."

Mr. Meredith's cottage on the side of Box Hill was not in itself an interesting building.

A little square house with a tiny passage, a little sitting-room on one side and a little dining room on the other. A staircase close to the front door mounts to the bedrooms overhead.

All the rooms were furnished very simply.

A small carriage drive surrounded with very high box hedges led up to the front door. Behind the house there was an orchard garden on the side of the hill.

The house was very small, so in 1876 he built for himself at the top of his orchard a chalet containing a sitting-room and a bedroom. There was no view from any of the windows of Flint Cottage, which only looked upon the high box hedges surrounding the drive, but from the front of the chalet it was possible to look over the "long green rollers of the Downs" towards Dorking, and to watch the shifting clouds and sunshine down the valley.

He was very happy with the plans for his new study, and we often went over from Pixholme while it was being built to watch its progress. He simply gloated over the prospect of having a silent sitting-room to himself, where he could work surrounded by his books free from interruption.

Mr. Wood, who now lives in Flint Cottage, says that the last duty of the gardener every night was to lock the door of the chalet where the novelist slept in solitary state, and his first duty in the morning was to open it. It was a curious but an intelligible whim to have himself locked in this little building, which is close to a belt of woodland, and where, in consequence, the wind must have moaned and sighed and sometimes shrieked in tempest during the night. But what made others melancholy had a tranquillising effect upon the poet.

Lady Russell gives the best description of Stevenson's first visit, in which days he stayed at the inn at Burford Bridge. After telling how Stevenson came with his mother to stop at the Burford Bridge Inn and how he told Lady Russell that he was a "true blue Meredith man," she says: "they used to meet constantly in our



A BEECH GLADE.



W. Selfe.

AT THE EDGE OF THE VALLEY.

Copyright.

garden," and, after one or two interesting notes about Stevenson, adds that —

Mr. Meredith was very much interested in Stevenson, and as they sat on the lawn would draw many confidences from the eager young author, who himself had the art of drawing out the very best of Mr. Meredith's conversational powers, and his best was a marvel. In his turn Mr. Meredith would break staves of wit on the head of the younger man, which he sturdily parried, returning with vigour the elder man's hits.

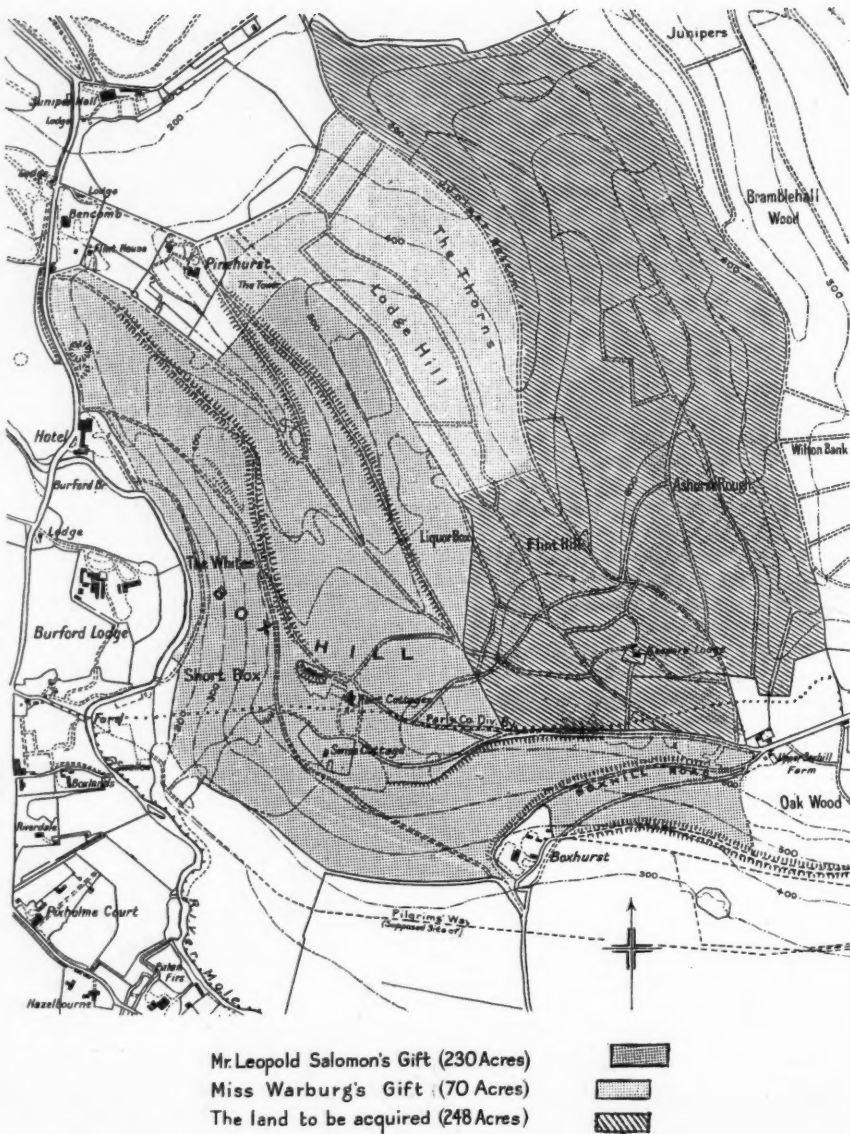
Their mutual liking was pleasant to see, yet I remember feeling somewhat surprised when Mr. Meredith prophesied great things from Stevenson, and declared that some day we should all feel proud to have known him. This long, happy summer was full of laughter that appealed to the brain, as well as the heart.

When Meredith was in his prime Box Hill attracted a very different class of pilgrim, votaries of letters in a medley of accomplished and enthusiastic neophytes with a sprinkling of the sort that hang about notabilities in the hope of borrowing some of their lustre. The cottage and the garden close to the woods and hills were to them what the great Church of Canterbury used to be to older pilgrims; only this cathedral was of the open-air, and the object of their devotion a living man not much in sympathy with saints. One would have liked to hear R. L. S. exchanging witticisms with Meredith on the lawn!

Of "Nelson and his Emma," of Conversation Sharpe, of Madame D'Arblay, of Shenstone, "the wailing poet of Leasowe," and other familiars of the neighbourhood in times gone by it does not behove one to speak; but it is interesting to hear from Mr. Watt that between Guildford and Dorking John Bunyan plied his trade in days when he was still only an itinerant tinker and a graceless, high-spirited unregenerate.

John Evelyn was born at Wotton, and in his writings did not forget the box trees at Box Hill. "These trees rise naturally," he says, "in Kent, at Bexley; and in Surrey, giving name to Box-hill. He that, in winter, should behold some of our highest hills in Surrey clad with whole woods of them, for divers miles in circuit, as in those delicious groves of them belonging to the late Sir Adam Browne, of Betchworth Castle, might easily fancy himself transported into some

This article is reprinted from COUNTRY LIFE of June 12th, 1920.



PLAN OF BOX HILL. Scale 4 1/2 ins. to mile.

new or enchanted country."

But if literary gossip be once started in connection with Box Hill there is no saying when it will end, and our main purpose to-day is to show that the purchase of the neighbouring valley would complete as interesting an estate as is placed in the care of the National Trust. The story of the way in which the movement was started aptly illustrates the affection engendered by the valley. Miss Warburg, when the war ended, offered to give five hundred pounds as a kind of thank-offering for that close to an anxious period signified by the signing of the Armistice. She does not seem at that time to have contemplated any particular form that the memorial should take, but when she heard that the valley was purchasable from Lord Francis Hope she doubled the amount and promised to give a

thousand pounds if the "Happy Valley," as she called it, was included in the purchase. Anyone who knows the place and has climbed Juniper Top or wandered among the leafy glades at its base will easily understand the love for it which took shape in Miss Warburg's mind. We are perfectly sure that there are hundreds of thousands of people in London who share her affection, and to purchase it for them and for all who like to live in the open air or the most agreeable and varied scenery would be of incalculable benefit. There is no town in Great Britain which has close to it an open space of the same character. We say nothing that is in the slightest degree derogatory of the beautiful parks and open places that adjoin many of our towns. Each has its own particular merit. Every town has not, like Edinburgh, an Arthur's Seat and a noble bit of the highlands and lakelands surrounding it. They have not access to the heather like the Glaswegians. Newcastle Moor would not be exchanged by the metropolis of the North for any other space. Epping Forest and the New Forest have qualities not to be found elsewhere. To all of these we pay tribute; but the exquisite and elusive charm of this valley close to Box Hill is a thing apart, one for which we would have to search long to find an equal.

P. A. G.

AN UNTIMELY FLOWER

O braving winter's bitter horde
With tattered banners fluttering,
Your lovely type you just record
Though not more like the perfect thing
Than earthly saint is like his Lord—
But ah, the promise of the spring!

ANNA DE BARY.

THE OLD SURREY AND MERSTHAM HUNTS

WHEN Dr. Johnson was an inmate of the Thrales' house at Streatham we read that, mounted on an old and trusted hunter belonging to Mr. Thrale, the Doctor used to hunt. He often rode all day, turning his head from no fence. His comment was that it was a sign of the misery of human life that anyone could find pleasure in hunting. This sentence has always slightly diminished a lifelong liking for the Doctor. But there were in his day many men who found their pleasure with the Old Surrey Foxhounds, with which Doctor Johnson must have hunted. The pack in those early days was kennelled at East Bermondsey, and a favourite country was that around Forest Hill.

Croydon was, in the eighteenth century, the Melton of the bankers, lawyers and other men of business who followed the famous pack. Very different from Dr. Johnson was the opinion of the old Surrey held by Mr. Jorrocks, who hunted about 1820, when Mr. Daniel Haigh was Master and Tom Hills was huntsman. Mr. Haigh, during his Mastership, lived at Streatham, and Mr. Jorrocks hunted from Great Coram Street. At a rather earlier period it was possible to find a fox at Peckham and kill him on Wimbledon Common. Mr. Jorrocks hunted also in the reign of Mr. Maberley. Mr. Daniel Haigh was a first-rate horseman who rode thoroughbred horses with a plain snaffle and made his men do the same. This was a fortunate period in the history of the Hunt, when the Hills—Tom, Sam and Peckham—were whippers-in and huntsmen. Tom Hills used a bugle with which he would play hounds away from covert with "The Young May Moon is Beaming Love." Later Tom took to the straight horn. He found it wanting in variety of notes, but the old bugle horn was dangerous, and Hills broke his ribs by falling on it. The Surrey hills needed horsemen, for their steep sides were alarming to strangers; but Sam Hill and his father used to get down quickly and in safety. They kept their horses' heads straight, and, with their hind legs still—sitting, as it were, on their hocks—the horses would gallop down with their forelegs. Horses that know the country soon learn to come down the hills in this fashion. Keep a horse's head straight downhill, and where there is no fear there is very little danger.

Some of the members of the Surrey Hunts, although very keen, were often men of a certain age before they had means or leisure for fox-hunting. There were some well known characters in the Old Surrey fields about the first quarter of the nineteenth century. There was Mr. Corkoran (still going well at seventy years of age), who had never seen a hound

in the field until he was fifty. There was a Mr. Holt, a most enthusiastic rider, who, as "Nimrod" says, kept "a pack of hounds and now keeps a madhouse." There were two characteristics of the Old Surrey field: most of them were successful men of business; most of them were hard men with hounds, able to stay through the longest day. Mr. Hobson of Reid's Brewery lived at Stamford Hill and hunted in Surrey regularly. Mr. Hobson kept his horses at Croydon. He himself drove home every night after hunting and dressed in his carriage on the way, ready for any evening engagements.

In the present day the Old Surrey are a two-day-a-week pack, but in former times they had foxes enough for four days and sometimes a by-day was thrown in. The Surrey foxes were (and still are in places) stout and wild. One of the best and stoutest foxes I ever rode after was a Surrey fox which, with a good scent, stood up for fifty minutes before hounds. Not only were the foxes stout, but the hounds put in long days. I have heard (and the history of the Hunt confirms this) that the Old Surrey hounds had a gift for holding to the line of their hunted fox. The pack as I recollect it were bred for the country, and they had little or no Belvoir blood; the Masters of that day told me that they preferred to keep to their own sort as much as possible, and certainly for a long working day there was no better pack. Nowadays the pack is partly dependent on drafts.

There was a small country hunted by Colonel Jolliffe from kennels at Merstham, but which is now part of the Old Surrey, which had good sport. Walton Heath (noted for golf), on the borders of the Surrey Union, was a favourite meet for Colonel Jolliffe's hounds, and "Nimrod" writes that he hunted twice from this in 1823. This week's coloured plate is by Wolstenholme—probably the younger of the two artists of that name, since we know that Colonel Jolliffe was one of his patrons, and illustrates the country round Walton. Dean Wolstenholme was himself a keen hunting man, and it is interesting to know that he was the inventor of a method of colour printing which was patented by Leighton and Co. The picture tells its own story of a fox marked to ground in Popes Pit, near Walton Heath. In the picture of the hounds crossing the Brighton Road the hounds in full cry are full of life and character, and they bear out "Nimrod's" recorded opinion that Colonel Jolliffe's were a very superior pack of hounds and were bred from some of the best blood in the kingdom. The huntsman, too, is mounted on a real type of Surrey hunter, stout with quality. The natural difficulties of the country are well suggested.

Another favourite meeting place for Colonel Jolliffe was Chipstead Church. This, with the other coverts round Walton



MEET AT CHIPSTEAD CHURCH. AFTER WOLSTENHOLME.



AT UPPER GATTON. AFTER WOLSTENHOLME.

Heath, have, so far as they are still drawn, reverted to the Old Surrey. When Colonel Jolliffe gave up his hounds the country was divided between the Surrey Union and the Old Surrey, and the part of the country our sketches depict is now part of

the Old Surrey. Gatton Wood—from which hounds are shown as breaking—is in the Old Surrey Vale. A country of small enclosures, fences trappy rather than formidable, rough straggling hedges planted on banks with a ditch on one side, the Vale



FULL CRY, CROSSING THE BRIGHTON ROAD AT MERSTHAM. AFTER WOLSTENHOLME.

country of the Old Surrey is very deep in wet weather, but carries a scent. A Surrey horse (as perhaps may be suggested by those depicted as waiting for a start from Gatton) must have blood as well as substance. Look at the grey horse in the foreground. Wolstenholme has drawn the horse he would like to ride.

Gatton Park was at one time occupied by Lord Cairns, and the Archbishop of Canterbury lived at Addington. Both were covert owners and fox preservers and good friends to the Hunt. The days, of course, have long gone past when the business men and tradesmen of the City could ride out to meet the pack and return in time to go on 'Change in the afternoon; but the City is a great support to the Hunt. They used to say that the Surrey fields were all stocks or stockings; but the names of the Masters remind us that many notable local families helped the Hunt and often controlled its fortunes. The names of Neville, Byron of Coulsdon, Mark Wood of Gatton and Leveson-Gower of Titsey remind us of the landowners whose coverts have been for generations drawn, not in vain, by the county pack. Nor must we forget the huntsmen who showed sport. There were the Hills, Sebright and, last not least, Roffey the huntsman to Colonel Jolliffe. It is said that Roffey had but 15s. a week and his house. "Nimrod" says that he was an original character. Roffey always spoke of "Nimrod" as "the bookman," not altogether to Mr. Apperley's satisfaction. Another story told of Roffey was that his master, Colonel Jolliffe, sent him to a remote and wild part of the county to draw some

outlying coverts. When the huntsman was asked how he liked the country he said: "Why, sir, they just knows when it's daylight, that's all." Like Tom Hills, his neighbour, Roffey was a heavy man, riding about 15st, but, also like Tom Hills, always with his hounds. Most of us have heard the story of Tom Hills riding over several gates in succession downhill. Someone asked him how it was he kept his horse on his legs. "Why, sir, he daren't fall; he knows I should crush him." Like most clever huntsmen, the Hills had unusual abilities and quick wits. I forget whether it was Tom Hills or his whipper-in and successor, Sam (I think the latter) who defeated a highwayman. Sam was carrying in his capacious pocket a fox which had come down from Leadenhall Market. The night was dark, and Sam was stopped by a highwayman. "You will find all I have in my left-hand coat pocket," said Sam. The highwayman plunged his hand in eagerly and withdrew it with a yell, while Sam cantered off, fox and all. I should add that the Old Surrey were not given to bagmen, but this fox had been procured for a special occasion.

No one could write the story of the Old Surrey and Merstham Hounds without having to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Mr. H. Taylor's "History of the Old Surrey Hunt" (published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.). The present writer, who has lived, and in his youth hunted, in the Old Surrey country, acknowledges the memories recalled by one of the best written of our Hunt histories. X.

THE DAIRY SHORTHORN

BY CHARLES ADEANE, C.B., ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE DAIRY SHORTHORN ASSOCIATION.

IT is only sixteen years since the pure-bred Dairy Shorthorn Association was formed, and the progress of that branch of the breed has been steady and increasing. I wrote a short article in COUNTRY LIFE on the dairy shorthorn in 1912, and I propose on this occasion to continue the story as from that time and take stock of the present position. But first some brief recapitulation is necessary. The founders

of the Association in 1906 made it clear that it was not their intention to create any new or distinct breed, but to call back to life the old-fashioned shorthorn of the Bates type—the milk and beef shorthorn—which had been almost extinguished by neglect, the preference going to the beef type of animal

which was more suited for the foreign trade. The opening up of new land in North and South America, the cheapening of transport and the increased facilities afforded by the system of freezing and chilling meat for export all helped to increase the demand for beef-producing stock, and the attention of breeders of shorthorns in this country was turned from Bates to Booth, in consequence the type of pure-bred shorthorn which was possessed of the double capacity of beef and milk almost entirely disappeared.

This was the position about twenty years ago when it was realised that there was plenty of room for the two types of the breed, and that it would be a great mistake to allow the valuable milking properties which the original shorthorn possessed to be destroyed. The bulk of the dairy cattle in this country are of the shorthorn type, many of them pure bred, although the pedigrees have not been kept; but until a few years ago the farmers who bred these cattle were afraid to use pedigree bulls because of their beef propensities and consequent harmful effect upon their dairy cattle. The same feeling was found to exist in France after the war by those who were arranging for the distribution of cattle sent out by the Relief of Allies Committee.

The French farmers were adverse to receiving shorthorn bulls, as they feared the effect of the beef shorthorns ("Durhams") on their dairy cattle. This was no mere prejudice, but was based upon an experience similar to that of breeders of dairy stock in this country. To overcome this difficulty and to reassure breeders by proving that the dairy shorthorn was no myth was the work which the Dairy Shorthorn Association

set itself to perform sixteen years ago. The progress has been remarkable.

The first thing the Association did was to see that the milking shorthorn had a fair chance in the show ring and this was secured by the donation of prizes at the leading shows for shorthorns of dairy type, based upon conformation

plus the test of the milkpail in the show ring. Up to that time little attention had been given to the milking properties of the cattle, and a shorthorn of the dairy type had but a small chance of being noticed. This had been a great discouragement, and the Association, therefore, in conjunction with the Shorthorn Society, with which it has always maintained the friendliest relations, set up a standard of milk yield in the show ring which immediately had its effect. The standard of milk production to be reached to carry with it eligibility for the prizes offered was established as follows:

	Having calved within 3 months of first day of show.	Having calved more than 3 months from first day of show.
Cow four years old and upwards, not less than	25lb.	20lb.
Cow three years and under four, not less than	20lb.	15lb.
Heifer under three years old, not less than	15lb.	10lb.

Thus at first the test was a moderate one, but later on, as the number of dairy shorthorns increased and milk yields improved, it was made more severe.



THREE DOUBLE PURPOSE SHORTHORNS.

In 1907 it was decided to publish the records of members' cows. These records were to be obtained by separate weighings after two consecutive milkings, morning and evening, and in the following year the first list of such records comprised the performances of eighty-one cows, and certificates of merit were given in respect of the yields of twenty-eight cows headed by one with an output of 35½lb. at one milking. There were

eleven cows with a yield of 1,000 gallons or over in a lactation, most of them of the famous Cranford blood. The Council of the Association were able to report a marked increase in the quantity and quality of the exhibits in the classes provided at the principal shows, and they expressed the hope that the publication of the milk records would be of assistance and interest to shorthorn breeders, and would still further bring



WILD QUEEN 29TH.

Sire, Danger Signal. Dam, Wild Queen 27th. Milk record : 11,027½lb., Oct. 1st, 1917, to Oct. 1st, 1918 ; 10,196½lb. with third calf ; 9,495½lb., Oct. 1st, 1919, to Oct. 1st, 1920 ; 9,737½lb. with fourth calf ; 8,796½lb., Oct. 1st, 1920, to Oct. 1st, 1921 ; 13,157lb. with fifth calf : 14,353lb., Oct. 1st, 1921, to Oct. 1st, 1922 ; 11,965½lb. with sixth calf.



MAUDE MOORE.

Sire, Sedbergh Magic. Dam, Maude 24th. Milk record : 5,097½lb., October 1st, 1918, to October 1st, 1919 ; 9,924½lb., October 1st, 1921, to October 1st, 1922 ; 9,871½lb. with fifth calf, October 1st, 1921.



LOOBAGH GRAND DUCHESS 3RD.

Sire, Puddington Javelin. Dam, Bartlow Grand Duchess 17th. Milk record : 5,484½lb., October 1st, 1920, to October 1st, 1921 ; 5,464½lb. with fourth calf, November 16th, 1920.



BORDER DUCHESS.

Sire, Redgorton Baron. Dam, Border Lady 2nd. Milk record : 7,164½lb., year ending October 1st, 1918.



HADNOCK CHARMING LASS 3RD.

Sire, Dean Prince. Dam, Charming Lass 12th. Milk record : 8,928½lb., October 1st, 1914, to September 30th, 1915 ; 9,938½lb., October 1st, 1916, to September 30th 1917.



VAIN LUCY 5TH

Sire, Benedicts' Pride. Dam, Vain Lucy 4th. Milk record : 9,909½lb., October 1st, 1921, to October 1st, 1922 ; 9,268½lb. with fifth calf, October 2nd, 1921.



RED ROSE.

Sire, Riby's Pearl. Dam, Rose. Milk record: 11,963lb., October 1st, 1919, to October 1st, 1920; 11,809½lb. with fifth calf, September 25th, 1919; 9,951½lb., October 1st, 1920, to October 1st, 1921; 13,984½lb., October 1st, 1921, to October 1st, 1922; 13,577½lb. with sixth calf, September 12th, 1921.



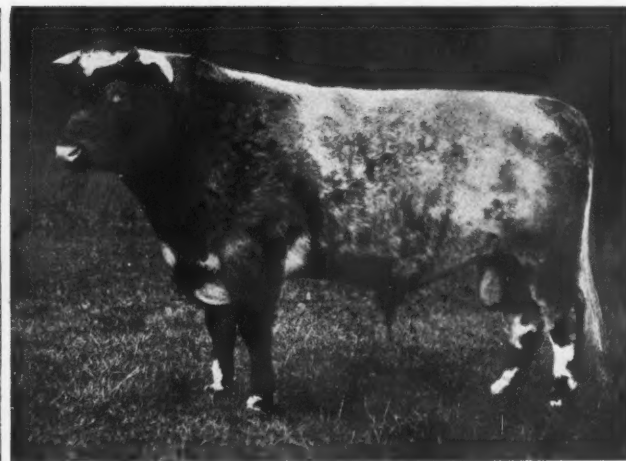
HISTON WILD QUEEN.

Sire, Histon Milkman. Dam, Wild Queen 34th. Milk record 5,944½lb., October 1st, 1919, to October 1st, 1920; 110,288lb. October 1st, 1920, to October 1st, 1921; 9,058lb. with first calf, March 30th, 1920; 11,323½lb., October 1st, 1921, to October 1st, 1922; 10,884lb. with second calf, May 9th, 1921.



LORD DARLINGTON.

Sire, Prince Furbelow. Dam, Princess Darlington. Calved May 18th, 1915. Milk record of Princess Darlington: 5,782lb., October 1st, 1916, to September 30th, 1917; 7,375½lb. forty-five weeks after calving on June 8th, 1916.



BABRAHAM LORD PRICE.

First Prize and Champion, Royal. Sire, Lord Lee 2nd. Dam, Babraham Priceless. Milk record of dam: 6,883lb., October 1st, 1917, to October 1st, 1918; 6,753½lb. with third calf, September 21st, 1917; 7,983½lb. October 1st, 1918, to October 1st, 1919; 8,281½lb. with fourth calf, September 19th, 1918; 13,155lb., October 1st, 1919, to October 1st, 1920; 12,445lb. with fifth calf, October 12th, 1919 (in 315 days); 12,342½lb. in 315 days with sixth calf, February 24th, 1921. Lady Lee 21st, dam of sire, won 1st Prize and Championship at Royal Show, 1906; 2nd Prize, Royal Show, 1907.

into prominence the milking qualities of the dairy shorthorn—a hope which has been realised in a remarkable degree, for in the 1920-21 Year Book of the Association there were 2,497 records, of which 272 were those of yields of 1,000 gallons or over.

Encouragement of the breeding of the dairy type of bull was given a few years later by the institution of prizes for bulls whose dams had been mentioned in the awards list of various shows or had received certificates of merit in the milking trials. In 1911 the requirements were made more stringent by insisting that not only the bull's dam but his sire's dam should either have received merit certificates or have had a yearly milk record of either 6,000lb. as a first-calved heifer or 8,000lb. as a cow. This has been one of the most important steps taken to ensure the selection of the best type of animals of both sexes, for it is generally conceded that the power of transmission of milk-producing qualities rests very largely with the bull. In fact, the bull can make or mar a herd. In 1912 the official inspection of cows under actual milking conditions was begun, and in 1915 the success of the Association's efforts to raise the level of production was marked by the adoption of new figures as the standard of qualification for the prizes at the leading shows. This new standard was as follows:

	Having calved within 2 months of first day of show.	Having calved between 2 and 3 months from first day of show.	Having calved more than 3 months from first day of show.
Cow four years old and upwards..	30lb.	27lb.	24lb.
Cow three years and under four..	24lb.	21lb.	18lb.
Heifer under three years ..	18lb.	16lb.	12lb.

In 1919 a fresh revision of the figures was made, and the standard now in force is as follows:

	Having calved within 2 months of first day of show.	Having calved between 2 and 3 months from first day of show.	Having calved more than 3 months from first day of show.
Cows five years old and upwards, not less than ..	30lb.	27lb.	24lb.
Cows four years and under five ..	26lb.	23lb.	20lb.
Cows or heifers three years and under four ..	22lb.	19lb.	16lb.
Heifers under three years ..	18lb.	15lb.	12lb.

After dealing with pedigree stock, the Association turned its attention to non-pedigree animals. Again with the support of the Shorthorn Society, it was decided to publish a register of dairy cows of shorthorn type, with individual milk yields, with a view to grading up the progeny. For registration in Coates' Herd Book foundation cows are required to possess the shorthorn character and to have given either 8,000lb. of milk in one year or not less than 6,500lb. on an average of two or more consecutive years. In four years this feature of the Association's work has developed remarkably, and the current year book contains the names of 3,122 animals so registered.

From the following figures some idea may be gained both of the growth of dairy shorthorn breeding and of the

increase of milk production under the fostering hand of the Association :

Year.	Members of Dairy Shorthorn Association.	Milk yields published.	Highest individual yield.	No. of cows giving 1,000 gals. or over.
1908	.. 82	.. 81	.. 12,567lb.	.. 11
1921	.. 824	.. 2,497	.. 19,095lb.	.. 272

When considering the yields of cows it must be remembered that the quality of dairy shorthorn milk is generally high. At the Royal Agricultural Society's Show in 1916 one of the breed gave 63.4lb. of milk, from which were made 3lb. 7oz. of butter, and another gave 55.10lb., producing 2lbs. 15½oz. of butter.

It is true that it is impossible to obtain in the same animal the highest capacity for both beef and milk, but the dairy shorthorn approaches nearer to that ideal than any other animal.

It must be the aim of breeders, while developing the dairy side, to maintain the characteristics of the breed. The danger which the enthusiast runs—of only thinking of milk records and milk production—is that in time he is likely to create an animal which is little more than a milking machine. About one-half of the animals born are of the male sex, and as only a proportion are good enough to keep as bulls, it is of great importance that the remainder should be capable of being turned into beef. A good average yield of milk year in year out for a long time is much better than a miraculous flow for the purpose of records, which is often obtained by measures of forcing. The real test of a cow is the quantity of milk she will yield, not in one year, but over a number of years, and the number of calves she will produce in the same period.

TULIP SPECIES.—II

THEIR GREAT VARIETY IN SHAPE AND COLOUR.

By W. R. DYKES, M.A.

APRIL is the great month for the flowering of the tulip species. *Præstans* is usually at its best by the middle of the month, and with it, or very soon after it, flowers *T. Fosteriana*, the largest flowered of all the species. The expanded flowers measure as much as 10ins. or 12ins. across, and the bright scarlet petals have so glistening a surface that the effect of the open flowers is extremely dazzling. It was once my good fortune to see a large number of collected specimens of this species in full flower in the garden of the introducer, Mr. C. G. van Tubergen of Haarlem, and I was at once struck by the extraordinary amount of variation that there is in this species. The foliage may be either of a bright green or of a distinctly glaucous grey, while in rare instances it may even be faintly marked with dull stripes of brown purple. The petals may be rounded or pointed at the apex and their base may be either a clear yellow or wholly black, or may present any intermediate combination of these two colours. There seems to be no coupling together of any of these characters, for all possible combinations of them may be found in a large group of specimens. *T. Fosteriana* never grows to any great height, the stem being usually not more than 6ins. or 8ins. in length, and the bulbs increase slowly by means of offsets.

Taller than *T. Fosteriana* and all with huge scarlet flowers are three species by no means easy to separate, of which the first, *T. Eichleri*, is slightly earlier, while the others, *T. ingens* and *T. Tubergeniana*, are distinctly later than *T. Fosteriana* in their time of flowering. *Eichleri* comes from the neighbourhood of Baku and the others from Bokhara. *Eichleri* is usually of

a deep shade of scarlet, *ingens* is remarkable for its distinctly grey foliage and for the intensely black base of its cup-shaped flowers, while *Tubergeniana* has green leaves and flowers which tend to open flat as do those of *præstans*.

In May there flower also two species or colour forms of one species, the red *T. armena* and the pale yellow *T. galatica*, which may possibly be the parents of some of our garden tulips. It is remarkable that among all the known wild species none is so similar to the cultivated varieties as to leave no doubt that the latter were derived from it. If it is true, as seems to be the case, that tulip species are very local in their distribution and that each valley has a form or forms of its own, then it is not impossible that our garden species are all derived from some species which once grew in Western Asia Minor and which have been exterminated as wild plants by the Turks, who, two or three centuries ago, cultivated tulips in vast numbers. It was in a garden between Adrianople and Constantinople that they were first seen by an Austrian Ambassador in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and from that neighbourhood that they were sent by him to Western Europe. It remains to be seen whether it will be possible to evolve new races of garden tulips from the species which have been introduced into cultivation in the last fifty years.

Armena and *galatica* have not yet been combined, but another pair of colour forms, originally described as distinct species, the pale yellow *Batalini* and the brilliant scarlet *linifolia*, cross readily and produce a whole series of beautiful intermediate forms, of which the best are of an apricot colour. The plants are slender and the stems only 8ins. or at most 12ins. high, but



T. PERSICA, ONE OF THE LATEST OF THE FAMILY TO FLOWER.



T. PRIMULINA, WHICH HAS A CURIOUS HABIT OF OPENING ITS FLOWERS ONLY IN THE EVENING.

it would be hard to find more brilliant colourings or better tulips for the rock garden.

Two other species of slender growth are *Kolpakowskiana* and *Ostrowskiana*. They suffer, as do so many other good garden plants from Turkestan, from the names of the Russian governors, explorers and generals that have been inflicted upon them. It is hard to see what other reason there is for their neglect. They both have brilliant flowers with rather pointed segments, those of *Kolpakowskiana* being yellow, with a red flush on the backs of the outer petals, while those of *Ostrowskiana* are deep red. The latter tulip has one unique habit of which no explanation appears ever to have been suggested. As soon as the pointed bud pushes up above the surface it turns its point downwards and the stem then grows up curved like a shepherd's crook and only straightens itself out when the bud is ready to open.

Better known than these is *T. Clusiana*, which probably came originally from Persia or still further east, but which has long since become naturalised in some parts of Southern Europe. The flowers are white internally with a deep chocolate or purple base and flushed externally with bright cherry red. In India, on the hills near Simla, there is another tulip very similar but less brightly coloured externally and with a yellow instead of a purple base, known as *T. stellata*; while further to the south-west there is yet another, *T. chrysantha*, in which the white is replaced by bright yellow with the same external flush of red.

Botanists usually find it convenient to divide each genus into sections and to base the divisions on some constant characters. In tulips such characters are extremely difficult to find, and it may be doubted whether there is more than one which is really constant. Even this is not easy to see in all cases, but if the anthers be carefully pulled out with the filaments which support them, it will be seen that the base of the filaments is in some species more or less densely covered with short hairs, while in others it is quite smooth and bare.

All the species hitherto described, except *biflora* and *turkestanica*, belong to the section of the genus with smooth filaments. Of the species with hairy filaments the best known is probably *T. sylvestris*, which is either a native of, or has become naturalised in, some parts of this country. The nodding yellow flowers are sweetly scented, and it is sometimes stated that scented garden tulips, especially those of a yellow colour, owe their scent and their colour to their descent from *T. sylvestris*. No trace, however, of hairs can ever be found at the base of the filaments of the garden tulips, and it is therefore extremely unlikely that any of them are derived from *sylvestris*. In Southern Europe there are several forms closely allied to this species and known as *Celsiana*, *australis*, etc. All have narrow leaves, and strong bulbs usually throw up a branching stem bearing two or three flowers. In North Africa the representative of this section of the genus is *T. primulina*, which was discovered by Mr. Elwes forty years ago at an elevation of 6,000 ft. in the mountains of Eastern Algeria. The flowers are a creamy white tinged with green externally, and have the inexplicable habit of remaining closed until some hours after midday, when the flowers of all other species are most widely expanded. Then, when the others are closing late in the afternoon, *primulina* opens widely and gives off its delicate scent.

In Greece there are several species, of which the names are in much confusion. That grown as *Orphanidesii* has flowers of a shade of terra-cotta flushed with dark olive green inside and the peculiarity that of one form at least practically every offset is of flowering size, so that it is difficult to find a non-flowering bulb. Hageri has twin flowers of a deep dull red, while in Asia Minor there are forms or species with orange yellow flowers, with or without olive shading at the base, which form a delightful contrast to the mauve pink of the Cretan *T. saxatilis*. Of the latter, the deep green glistening leaves are found in many rock gardens, but my recollection is that, except for one flower which I once saw on a potted plant at a show in London, I have never seen this tulip in flower except for the bulbs that I have grown myself. In 1922 I had at least a hundred of them in flower at once, and these were not imported bulbs. I have cultivated them for many years in Surrey and find that the secret is to lift the bulbs and then store them in dry sand in a

warm place. I do not think that the bulbs would be damaged if the temperature rose occasionally to 100° Fahr. or more, for there is little doubt that on the mountains of Crete the top foot of soil often exceeds this temperature during the long summer drought.

In Asia Minor there are several little dwarf species known as *pulchella* or *polychroma*, though it is difficult to decide their claims to the names. There is considerable variation in colour, and all the forms are very welcome in the rock garden.

Farther east in Turkestan is found a delightful little tulip, *dasytemon*, which throws up a bunch of four or five white starry flowers from each rosette of leaves, while *T. persica* with its deep yellow flower is one of the latest to bloom. Its leaves squirm about on the surface of the ground in a curious snaky fashion.

The latest tulip of all to flower comes from Armenia and is called *Sprengeri*. It grows 15 ins. or 18 ins. high, and if the deep red flowers are rather short-lived, it may be because the sun has so much more power by the end of May or early in June than it usually has when most tulips are at their best. *T. Sprengeri* has a convenient habit of sowing seedlings of itself, and I have known more than one garden in which its presence remained unnoticed until the flowers burst open into vivid scarlet among the bearded irises.

GARDEN NOTES

IT is difficult to say whether the flower year begins in December or in January, but as with winter flowers it is the reverse of the old saying "Lightly come—lightly go," so we are thankful for the long season of blossoming of the Christmas roses (*Helleborus niger*), as well as for the long endurance as a cut flower of the individual bloom.

In fact, the earliest of these, known as *H. altifolius*, is in flower in November and is welcome at that season, when there is hardly any low-growing plant in bloom, although the flower is more massive and less graceful than those of the later forms. The always welcome yellow winteraconite (*Eranthus hyemalis*) is a true January flower and a most accommodating plant, spreading by self-sown seed under leafless shrubs or in any odd corner. It is cheap and should be planted by the hundred. About fifty years ago our gardens were much enriched by the introduction of the Algerian Iris *stylosa*, or, more properly, *Iris unguicularis*. In warm, sheltered places,



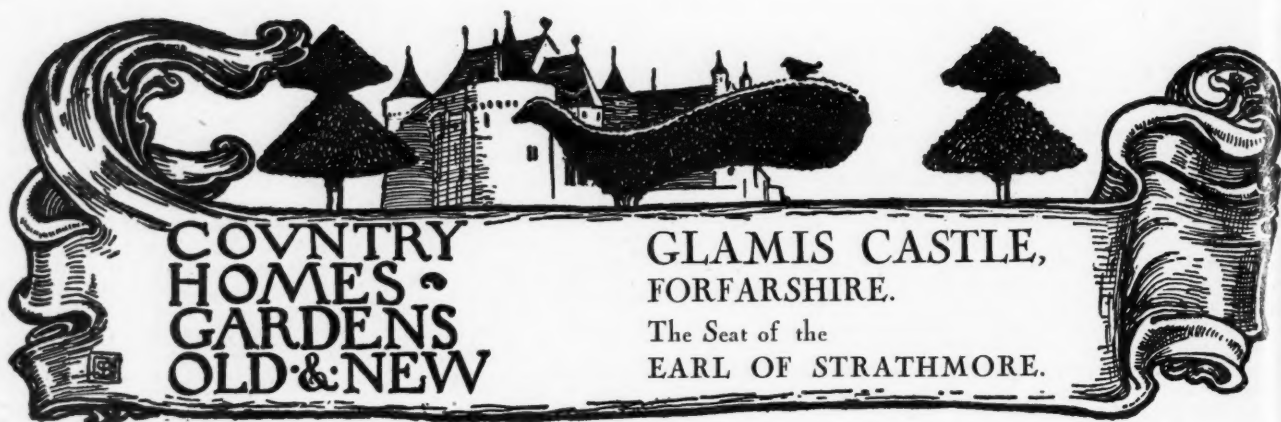
HELLEBORUS NIGER, A PERENNIAL FAVOURITE DURING THESE DARK DAYS.

such as the foot of a southern facing wall, it is in bloom in all open weather from November to April. Unopened buds may be cut if frost threatens and are delightful indoors, not only for the clear cut form and good lavender blue of the flowers, but also for the pleasant scent, faintly like violets. It should be remembered that this good Iris does best in poor soil; if it is too well treated it makes a quantity of large foliage but very little or no bloom. The white variety should also be grown. Hardly a winter passes without a note appearing in some horticultural journal in praise of *Petasites fragrans*, the so-called winter heliotrope, but, though the scent of the not very attractive bloom is acceptable when there is nothing better, it should only be planted with extreme caution and never in the garden proper, for it easily becomes a pestilent and persistent weed.

GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

The list of seeds collected in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, during 1922 and published by H.M. Stationery Office is extremely interesting. As a catalogue of seeds it must be nearly unique, not only in numbers—there must be over 4,500 species listed—but also for the quantity of rare plants which have reached maturity in this country, for every seed has been collected from a plant in cultivation in the Edinburgh Botanic Gardens. If one takes the list of primulas, one finds *P. anisodora*, *P. burmanica*, *P. chionantha*, *P. chrysopa*, *P. chungensis*, etc., most of which are practically unknown; while in *Rhododendrons*, seed of such scarce plants as *R. camelliaeflorum*, *R. cantabile*, *R. hypenanthum*, *R. leptothrium* and *R. sulfureum* are listed. Many of the plants mentioned in this list are new introductions from China, collected by George Forrest, Kingdon Ward and Reginald Farrer, and it is owing to the skill of the staff at Edinburgh that so many of these fine plants are being gradually introduced into our gardens.

Some of the numbers collected in the different genera are suggestive of the enormous increase in the flora which is becoming acclimatised in this country: 29 berberises, 64 campanulas, 26 loniceras, 40 silenes, 59 sedums, 25 gentians, 33 irises, 87 primulas, and no fewer than 115 *rhododendrons*, etc. It should be mentioned that the quantity of seed obtained from some of the species is of limited amount and in many cases has been absorbed for sowing in the Royal Botanic Gardens. The rest are available for exchange, but in no case can any be sold.



WITH the betrothal of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, thoughts stray to Glamis, and we therefore venture to interrupt our consideration of St. James's Palace. Glamis, reputed to be the seat of the Earls of Strathmore and Kinghorne, is really only held by them from a tenant in chief, a great fairy called Romance. Planted in myth, Romance has nurtured its growth and has set her name to every stone, from the tiny, heavily barred windows at the base of the towering keep up to its crown of turrets and filigree cresting against the sky. None can deny that Romance exists, but some would have it that Romance is not true, though

if that were so, she could not exist. Besides, Truth proverbially is yet more strange, so that it is easier far to believe that Macbeth, Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, here murdered gentle Duncan, as Romance would have it, than that he did not, as drab historians protest. Malcolm II here also was done to death—his room is still pointed out; and, for sure, many a deed of horror in the dim torchlit history of Scotland was done in Glamis's vaults, many songs sung and kisses exchanged in the deeper shadows of the hall. But stand beneath the keep on a winter's evening, with the little windows blinking at you high out of the dark mass, and the Riders clatter and jingle

again about you, their sound re-echoed by vanished walls as they thunder beneath gateways no longer, save by the eye of faith, to be seen. Glamis has ever been the home of Romance, which she built for herself out of dark stories, merry ballads, old wives' tales and minstrels' memories, borne thither on the sighings of many winds, its origin screened from vulgar scrutiny by rain and friendly pines. Fact gave only the mortar, changing Romance's materials into the likeness of stones, curiously shaped and carved, but existing so that we can touch them even to-day. And now Romance is marrying her youngest daughter to the King's son.

In 1371 the present tenants were installed by their over-lady, in right of Sir John Lyon's marrying the Lady Jean, daughter of King Robert II, who brought Glamis as her dower, and have held it ever since for a nominal rent, which is, on the faith of all good story-tellers by winter fires, a secret known to none but the payer. This Sir John, who was secretary to that king, fell in a duel fought with Sir James Lindsay of Crawford, at the Moss of Balhall in 1383, and few of his successors until a recent date died any more peaceably. Considering the number of sudden ends to those members of the family whose history is known, it is probable that an even higher percentage would be found among those who lived in the dark days of the fifteenth century. The first Lord Glamis was the grandson of Sir John, and for three years—1424 to 1427—lived in England as hostage for the payment of King James I's ransom, whom our Henry IV had taken captive, when his father Robert III still lived, while on his way to France for protection and



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1.—TURRETS TO THE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



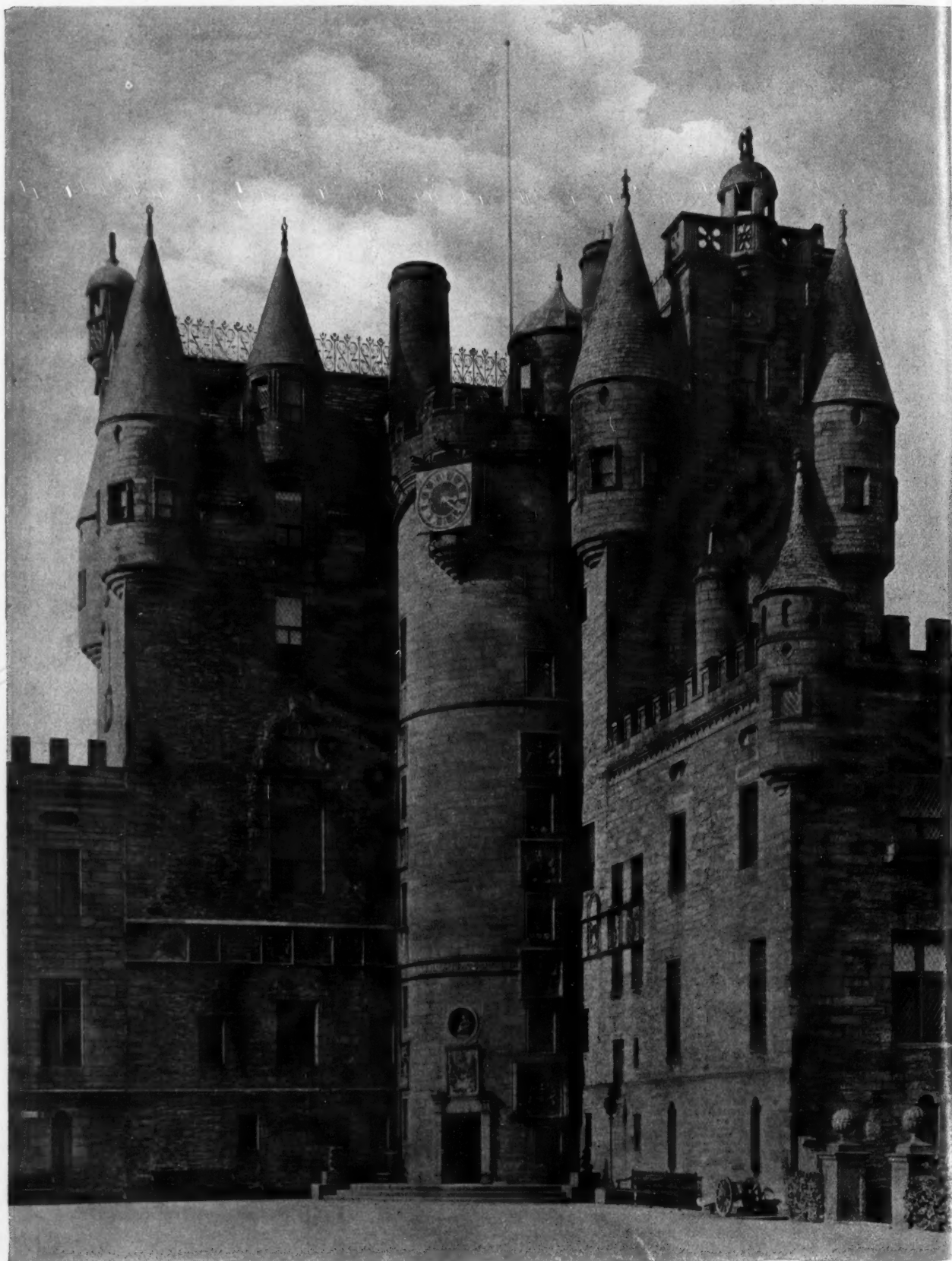
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2.—THE FIRST EARL'S STAIRCASE. *Circa 1606.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

education. When King James, after eighteen years of honourable detention in England, at length returned northward, he met his hostages going south at Durham, Sir Patrick Lyon among them. The Lords Glamis partook in all the turbulent affairs of their time, but one entry is missing from their genealogy. The young Lord Glamis was not among the dead earls whose

it was a safer and better thing to be of no lineage at all than to be an Angus. The young king was hunting her brothers for their lives, and the sister was soon cited before Parliament for succouring them. When many citations had been neglected by the Lady of Glamis, sentence of forfeiture was given against her non-attendance, but was never carried out, probably for



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3.—THE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bodies lay about their king's on Flodden Field. The family history has a more dreadful tale for this generation. John, the sixth Lord Glamis, died in 1528, leaving a widow, two young sons and a daughter. The widow was a Douglas, granddaughter of that Earl of Angus who won the name of "Bell the Cat" by hanging a king's favourite, and at the time her husband died

the reason that caused a second charge against her, trumped up a little later, to fail. When the forfeiture sentence was pronounced she was abroad on pilgrimage, and at her return found herself charged with the murdering of her husband by poison. The Forfarshire barons, however, refused to sit in assize against her, partly because she was a woman, partly

because she was a neighbour of near blood to many of them, and if the Douglasses rose again, woe betide such as had put their sister to death. In 1537 a third charge brought the lady to Edinburgh as prisoner charged with high treason in further abetting Angus, her brother, and in plotting to poison the king's majesty. By now she had married Archibald Campbell of Kepneith, a younger son of Argyle, as her second husband, and he and she, together with her children and a kinsman, John Lyon, an old priest, were found guilty. Campbell broke prison and his neck in scrambling down Castle Rock; but she, on evidence dragged from her son at the sight of the rack and others' agonies and on false witness from an envious kinsman, was led out on to Castle Hill and there burned at the stake, "without any substantial ground or proof of matter," as Sir Thomas Clifford, the English minister, wrote home. Three days previously the Master of Forbes, her brother-in-law, had suffered on the same spot, for "few escape," a letter told Thomas Cromwell, "that may be known friends of the Earl of Angus."

A younger son of the boy who had been forced to see his mother burned became that Sir Thomas Lyon who was foremost

This Lord Glamis had been High Chancellor of Scotland, and his son was created Earl of Kinghorne in 1606. This first earl, Patrick, it was who altered the castle to something as we see it now. In those days the little door at the base of the staircase tower which Earl Patrick added to the ancient keep gave on to a quadrangle attained by a gate beneath a tower, beyond which another range of buildings formed an open outer court. This arrangement (shown in one of the engravings of Slezer, Kip's Scottish counterpart, who worked at the end of the seventeenth century) was standing in 1723 when Defoe saw the castle "with awe and admiration," and so late as 1765, when Gray entered a paved court through three gateways, as Defoe also notes. After 1765—and not before, as some writers are inclined to think—but before 1772, when Pennant visited Glamis, all the outer works were swept away. The first earl's work, much advertised by numerous carved mentions of it, was probably confined, in what yet remains, to the segmental stair turret in the angle of the L-shaped keep, the Renaissance windows to the great hall on the first floor, a chapel on the further side from the front door, and the ornamenting of the walls with cartouches of arms. His son succeeded him in 1615, and



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4—THE WROUGHT IRON BALUSTRADE. Circa 1685.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the mysterious Raid of Ruthven when Earl Gowrie kidnapped his king. When James would have left the room as sinister folk crowded into it Thomas Lyon's leg barred his way. For his service on that day he was banished, but lived to return and become the boldest and hardiest man in the King's Guard.

His elder brother, who succeeded as eighth Lord Glamis, figured on that stage which had Mary Queen of Scots in the midst of it. He supported the Darnley match, and was in Edinburgh when Darnley was dead by Kirk o' Field; with Moray, the Regent, he helped to bear his body to the grave. He was deeply in with Morton and a party to his fall, so that even the Cardinal, who had known much treachery, was moved to sadness at the falseness of Glamis. It would have been improper for such an one to die in his bed; and, therefore, in 1578, in a street affray with the Earl of Crawford's men—in continuance of a blood feud in which the first possessor of Glamis had died—he took a pistol ball in the head and likewise died, the poet singing:

Since lowly liest thou, noble Lyon fine,
What shall betide, behind, to dogs and swine?

employed a body of plasterers who were in Scotland about 1620 working at Holyrood and houses in Fife in giving the great hall a Renaissance aspect with its groined plaster ceiling and elaborate overmantel. During the Civil Wars the second earl staked all on the King and Episcopacy, and got the estate hopelessly mortgaged when, in 1647, he died, leaving it to an infant son, whose mother, when he was eight, married the Earl of Linlithgow, who proceeded to play the part of cruel stepfather. Until the Restoration young Earl Patrick was at St. Andrew's University, so when he first went back to his houses he found them empty and long deserted. He has left us a "Book of Record," all about himself and his doings, so we find that Glamis was at first too formidable a task to set about. He therefore went to Castle Lyon, now Castle Huntly, borrowed a bed from the local minister and, with his plucky sister, began to keep house there without a penny of money, though "some old pots & pans were verie useful." With their own hands they decorated two of the bare rooms, till, two years later, economy, youth and a business head brought them out of the camping-out stage (but how

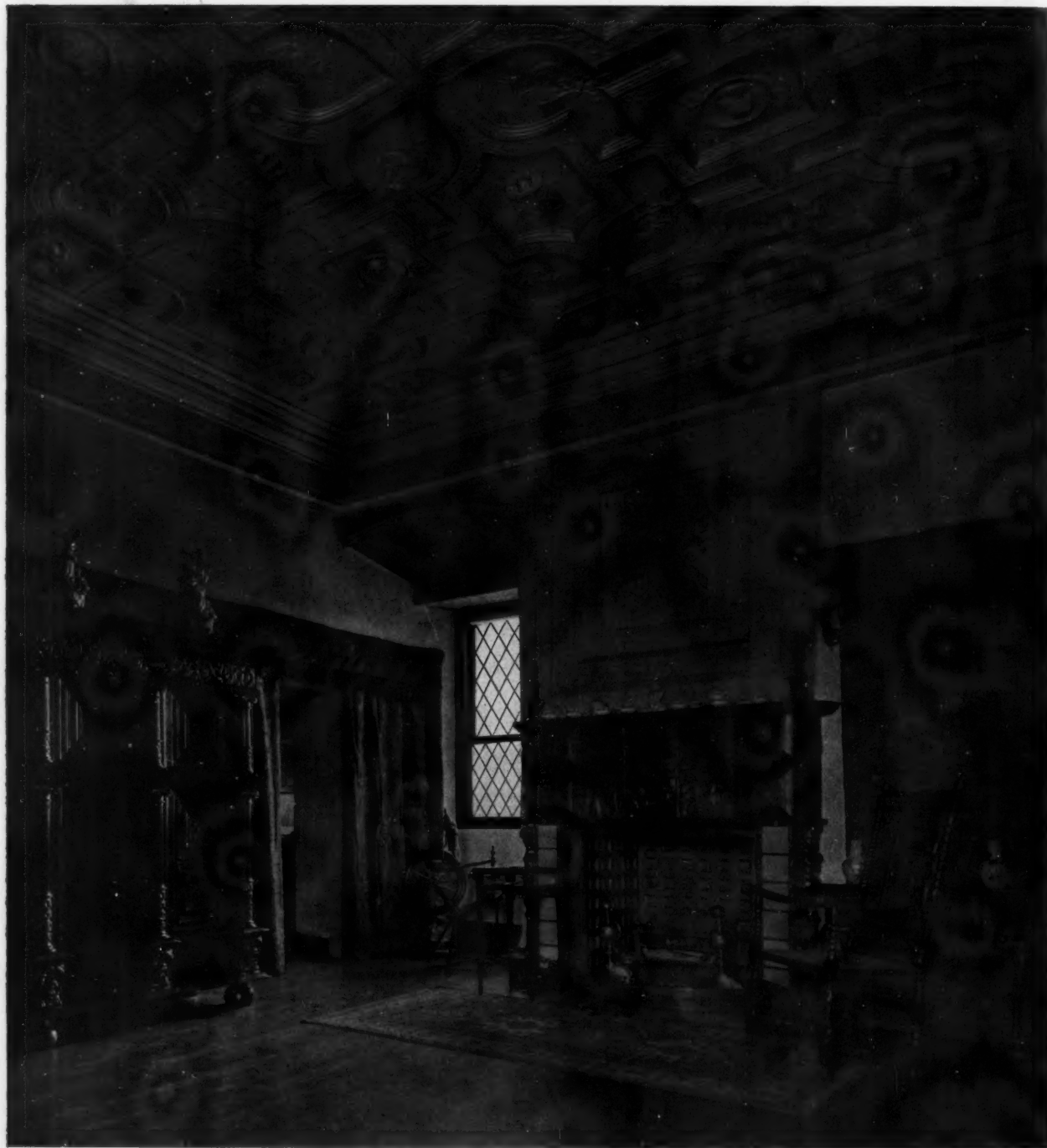
they must have enjoyed it! A boy of seventeen and a sister in the great empty house, shifting for themselves—what a subject for Stevenson!). In 1662 Earl Patrick married Lady Helen Middleton, and the pair, who were a pattern of happy domestic virtue, by 1670 had so repaired Castle Lyon that they turned their attention to Glamis.

It was, after twenty years of dereliction, ruinous. However, "I did upon my first resolution of the change which I have made here, make a scheme & draught of my whole project, for, unless men so doe, they will infallibly fall into some mistake, and be obliged to pull their own work down again. Therefore necessarie it is for a man to desyne all at once (chalk is no sheers, and the desyning hereof does not impose any necessity upon the projector, but that he may verie weell prosecute his desyne by pecemiale . . .)" *Chalk is no sheers*—a delightful proverb to emphasise the need for thinking and drawing before building!

So Glamis gradually recovered itself. Often the earl, who in 1672 became first Earl of Strathmore, went up to London or Edinburgh and bought furniture: "I had saved," he wrote, "many a pound & pennie, but I acknowledge a great dale of weakness in my humour that way, inclining to be verie profuse upon all things of ornament for my house." Various artists,

too, came to Glamis—Jacob de Wet, who painted the chapel from cuts in a family Bible, and Jan Van Sant Voort, a carver. Two English women house painters—the Misses Morris (ancestresses of William?)—also appeared, but seem to have prolonged their operations "for the benefit of having their meat bound to their mouths, yet," he observes, "with such as thes painters there is a necessitie for being liberall that way." Some of the cabinets now at Glamis must date from Earl Patrick's day, one of which formed a surprise for his wife: "I caused bring home a verie fine cabinet," he says, "the better was not in the kingdome in these days—which I never told my wyf of till her coming home, & upon her first coming into her own chamber I presented her with the keyes of the cabinet." The room called King Malcolm's has its walls covered with fine needlework in blue and gold which the earl had as bed hangings, and many other are the delights he purchased from Baillie Brand of Edinburgh and others.

Other of his works are the iron cresting of the roof, fashioned with roses, thistles and flowers de luce, and the great door-knocker dated 1687; but of the great house he knew much was destroyed in 1770. His son married a daughter of the second Earl of Chesterfield, whose son in his turn was killed seeking to rally the Scots round the standard of the Old Pretender





6.—THE GREAT HALL, NOW THE DINING-ROOM.
Decorated by the second Earl. *Circa 1620.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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(who had slept with eighty men at Glamis) at Sheriffmuir. His brother, who succeeded, was killed by thrusting himself between two combatants in a scuffle, and his wife married George Forbes, her factor, who became Master of the Horse to Prince Charlie. Three more brothers succeeded to the earldom, the youngest of whom married a Durham heiress, Mary Eleanor Bowes of Streatlam and Gibside. Those who know their "Barry Lyndon" know something of the countess's second marriage with Robinson Stoney, a brutal adventurer who fought his way to her hand and fortune. From this time dates the addition of the name Bowes to that of Lyon. Her son died tragically the day of his nuptials in 1820, to be succeeded by his brother as the eleventh earl, from whom in peaceful succession the titles and castles devolved on the present, fourteenth, earl. Such, in briefest compass, is the generation of Glamis,

where, watched over by the good fairy of the hills, the bride-to-be of the Duke of York—who in Scotland is Earl of Inverness—has passed what cannot have been but the happiest of her two and twenty years.

A stormy enough history this, telling of an ardent, strenuous race, foremost in the Ridings and foremost for the Stuarts. Yet, amid the rapine and foray and tragedy that brought many a Lyon to his grave Glamis arose in peace. Dim legends of the Thane, of Duncan and Malcolm may cling about the rough stones of the crypt, but Romance shows herself in no less charming an aspect when we read Earl Patrick's "Book of Record"—the jottings, not altogether random, of a shrewd and kindly Scottish gentleman.

Next week we shall publish the second article on St. James's Palace, postponed in view of the topical interest of Glamis.

DUCK SHOOTING IN RAJPUTANA

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL P. T. ETHERTON.



ELEPHANTS STARTING THE DRIVE AT THE MAHARAJA OF BHARATPUR'S DUCK SHOOT.

THERE is no country better placed than India for the variety and amount of small-game shooting, and the opportunities afforded for sport with a shot-gun. This applies with peculiar significance to the state of Bharatpur in Rajputana, where the "jhils," or broad stretches

of water and marsh land, are more or less preserved by the Maharaja, who frequently dispenses hospitality and affords his guests some of the finest duck and snipe shooting to be obtained anywhere in India.

These Bharatpur jhils give cover to large numbers of duck during the cold weather months, from November to March. They have come down to India from Siberia and Central Asia, in the

far north, to a land where the climate is less rigorous and the rivers and lakes are not locked in an icy grip, and it is only with the advent of spring that they return northwards to congregate for the breeding season. It is a great sight, this annual migration to India, and the writer, who has spent some

years in Central Asia, has often seen many thousands of duck and geese passing overhead on their long flight to the south, and particularly to the reed beds and marshes of Bharatpur and Rajputana generally. It will be of interest briefly to detail the principal types of duck met with. These are the mallard, pintail, gadwell, pochard and the ruddy sheldrake, more familiarly known as the "Brahmany duck,"



LORD LYTTON, THE GUEST OF HONOUR, WITH THE MAHARAJA.



A beater retrieving a fallen bird.



Captain Noel-Hill, A.D.C. to the Viceroy, in the water.

LARGE AREAS ARE FLOODED INTO A LAKE AND FOOD PLANTED THAT WILL ATTRACT THE DUCKS.

the latter being more or less respected by Hindus from its supposed association with Brahmanism. The Brahmany is of an orange brown colour, with the quills of the wings and tail black and the speculum bronze green. The male in summer has a black collar, which adds to its handsome appearance. The pochard is one of the commoner ducks of the Old World, although related to and resembling in colour the red-head of America. The mallard is, of course, the common wild duck, and similar to it in size is the gadwell, which is also, as in the case of the others, widely distributed throughout the northern hemisphere. The male is noteworthy for its appearance, finely barred or variegated with black, grey and white, and carrying a chestnut area on the wing. The pintail is more of a river duck, the peculiarity of the male being its elongated central tail feathers. There are other varieties, such as the whistling teal and the common and cotton teal. With the possible exception of the first named, all afford excellent sport and give wide play for accurate shooting.

It is no easy task to secure a good bag of duck unless the arrangements are as near perfection as possible. There is also a great deal dependent on the manner in which the beats are organised, and the way in which the duck are put up and kept on the move is one of the fine arts in this form of sport. Beating can be easily overdone and the game so harassed that they become extremely wild and unapproachable, and may, indeed, leave that particular district altogether. One has to take into consideration the fact that the duck is possessed of a keen sense of smell and sight, and in the former respect resembles the tiger and sambur stag of the Indian jungles, so that the beats must be regulated not only by the contour and formation of the jhils and marsh lands, but by the direction of the wind.

In Rajputana beating is occasionally done by elephants, as is shown in one of the photographs. The disadvantage of using elephants is that they can only traverse comparatively firm ground on the fringe of the jhils, so that their services must be supplemented by those of native beaters moving through the bogs and reeds as far as the depth of water will allow. It might here be remarked that the elephant when engaged in beating over doubtful ground shows great sagacity; it will test the surface with its trunk and gently feel it with one of its forefeet, and should there be the least doubt it at once endeavours to retrace its steps. Should it be unlucky enough to become engulfed, bundles of grass and the boughs of trees are hastily prepared and thrown to it, the elephant passing them under foot and trampling them down to secure a hold and the requisite support to enable it to extricate itself. Sometimes an elephant may lose its head when it feels the ground giving way beneath it, and the writer remembers the case of a "mahout," or driver, who was pulled off by the elephant and forced beneath the forefeet as support to its sinking bulk.

The posting of the guns is another delicate operation, for they must be placed where ample cover is available in the reeds, to obviate being spotted by the keen-sighted quarry. It may occasionally be possible to take post in a boat where the reeds give the required shelter, or it may be better to station oneself in one of the lanes amid the forest of rushes.

All being in readiness, the guns posted, the beaters at their appointed places, and the elephants in line and awaiting the signal to move, the beat opens in much the same way as such operations are usually conducted, with the exception that the noise which is often considered necessary in a tiger drive (a point, by the way, on which opinions differ) is, in a duck shoot, to a large extent dispensed with. The advance of the beaters

is continued as far as is practicable and compatible with keeping the duck on the move and occasionally allowing them to settle, in order, as it were, to permit a recovery, momentarily, at any rate, from the constant hammering.

With well placed guns and the thorough organisation such as is met with in Bharatpur, the bag will run into thousands; in fact, this State holds the record for the number and variety of duck that are annually accounted for on its jhils.

A great number of duck are, of course, lost in the reeds, since it is not possible to recover all the birds brought down. The native beaters and gunmen are, however, remarkably alert and quick at spotting the places where they have dropped and are quick at recovering them, almost before they have reached the water. The sport is fast and furious and, ensconced in the right place, one can go on taking a succession of shots until the gun barrels become well nigh too hot for pleasant handling.

The natives themselves frequently catch duck by means of nets, a form of trapping that is practised on the non-reserved grounds. The nets are put up at dusk in open sheets of water just before the evening flight begins, the birds being attracted thereto by decoys. During the evening flights the duck range low and, seeing the decoy birds, and imagining them to be genuine, they descend as if to alight and are easily entangled in the outspreading nets.



LORD INCHCAPE IN HIS BUTT IN A LANE
AMONG THE RUSHES.

ELIZABETH BUTLER*

THE artistic temperament is usually associated with irritability and sudden changes from grave to gay. Seldom is it so brilliantly sunny as in the case of Lady Butler. From the time when she was born at the "Villa Claremont," just outside Lausanne and overlooking Lake Lemán, she advanced smiling and happy through her long and distinguished pilgrimage. Her childhood appears to have been wonderfully happy. It was at the typical English village near Cheltenham that she grew to like horses by assisting at haymaking. Her father believed very much in the education that is derived from travel, and no sooner do we get into our mind the beautiful picture of the little girl among the Gloucestershire hay than we are whisked across the sea to the *Albergo*, with vine-covered porch, at Ruta, on the Porto Fino, "where we began our lessons, and, I may say, our worship of Italy." Childhood with her is a succession of the most delightfully bright scenes. Very soon she passes into early youth. From her diary we quote this portrait of Millais in 1862:

We entered his studio, which is hung with pre-Raphaelite tapestry and pre-Raphaelite everything. The smell of cigar smoke prepared me for what was to come. Millais, a tall, strapping, careless, blunt, frank young Englishman, was smoking with two villainous friends, both with beards—red, of course. Instead of coming to be introduced they sat looking at Millais' graceful drawings calling them "jolly" and "stunning," the creatures! Millais would be handsome but for his eyes, which are too small, and his hair is colourless and stands up in curls over his large head but not encroaching upon his splendid forehead.

Thirteen years later Millais, after entertaining at this very house, escorted her down the steps and said: "Good night, Miss Thompson, I shall soon have the pleasure of congratulating you on your election to the Academy, an honour which you will *thoroughly* deserve." The same happy spirits carried her through the art school, and in the following words she exultingly relates how she was promoted to the Life class:

March 19th.—Oh joyous day! oh, white! oh, snowy Monday! or should I say *golden* Monday? I entered the Life this joyous morn, and, what's more, acquitted myself there not only to my satisfaction (for how could I be satisfied if the masters weren't?), but to Mr. Denby's and the oil master's *par excellence*, Mr. Collinson's.

It was in the same high spirits that she met the celebrities of her day. "Memorable Monday," she wrote in her diary on March 19th, 1868, "On thee I was introduced to Ruskin! Punctually at six came the great man. If I had been disposed to be nervous with him, his cold formal bow and closing of the eyes, his somewhat supercilious under-lip and sensitive nostrils would not have put me at my ease." It will be observed that whatever was the amount of her imagination, there was always the keen observation of the artist. She tells the story of her marriage just in the same way:

As paper after paper spoke of me and of my work, he said one day to his sister, in utter fun under his slowly reviving spirits, "I wonder if Miss Thompson would marry me?" Two years after that he met me for the first time, and yet another year was to go by before the Fates said "Now!"

Elizabeth Butler holds a unique place in the legion of women artists. Her only rival in the drawing of horses was Rosa Bonheur, but there was really no comparison between them. There was a vital difference. Rosa Bonheur drew her horses for their own sake; Lady Butler, although one of the gentlest of her sex, delighted in nothing so much as in drawing pictures of war, and, accordingly, her horses are studied, not so much with regard to their natural form and beauty, but in action. The story which is told of the infinite trouble she took in observing the movements of limbs and ears in different equine motions ought to be helpful to every student of art. Her animals live in a way that is not bettered by that of any other artist of her time. It is no wonder that she has retained an elasticity of youth up to her old age. Her married life was extremely happy. She and her husband had a great admiration for each other. She records with pride that:

After all the misunderstandings connected with Sir William's association with the Boer War and its antecedents had been righted at last, these words of a distinguished general at Headquarters were spoken: "Butler stands a head and shoulders above us all."

On June 7th of the year 1910 she records his death in these words: "A very brave soldier, who feared none but God, was called to his reward."

Her autobiography is as cheerful as it is instructive.

* An Autobiography, by Elizabeth Butler. (Constable.)

Change Partners, by H. A. Vachell. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

NOW, this is an excellent book to read in the winter because it is about the glorious summer of 1921, and therefore its pages are full of sunshine. France, sunshine and laughter. At intervals come the choicest little meals, accompanied by, say, the little wine of Chinon, a bourgeois vintage, but how good! "And you found the little wine of Chinon delicious?" said he. "Yes; so delicious that I must visit Chinon, wherever it is," said she. Quite a good introduction—they had never met before. And they settled down to their dainty romance. But, after all, she had a husband and he a wife. And these, unknowing and unknown, were sitting in the same sunshine, but in another town, sharing a chicken which "of the texture and colour of ivory, was embalmed in one of the thousand sauces of France, which might be exchanged so happily for one of the thousand religions of England." But to begin at the beginning. Two young men on a walking tour in Brittany vow to come back some day if things go well with them. "It's a sort of covenant between us, Jack?" "It is. *On revient*." After a separation of twenty-five years they meet again, married, famous, more or less tired of life. Marriage has not been a great success, neither has fame, and on a sudden impulse they elope together, so to speak, in order to make the pilgrimage planned a quarter of a century ago to "the Seven Saints of Brittany," to whom the book is dedicated. We really must give their names, just to show that we do know them. Saint Pol de Léon, Saint Samson de Dol, Saint Brieuc, Saint Tugdual, Saint Malo, Saint Patern, and Saint Corentin de Quimper—like pebbles in the mouth, but how attractive! The two charming wives—for they really were very charming—follow unknown, and piqued at finding their husbands described as *célibataires endurcis*—well, they make the punishment fit the crime, that's all; aided presumably by the Seven Saints, whom the husbands had neglected for twenty-five years, in spite of their vow. And the comedy, refreshing as the little wine of Chinon, bubbles to its close, and lo! "Change Partners" is merely the name on the cover, for everyone is going to live happily ever after. Yes, a sunny book for a grey season. And "for this relief much thanks." I. B.

Hidden Lives, by Leonora M. Eyles. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

Hidden Lives is a book of the type which, as the Prayer Book says of matrimony, is not lightly to be undertaken. I am sure that this has been true of the author and will be true of the reader who is to appreciate it. It presents a very gloomy view of life as seen by a woman doctor, Helen Clevion, practising in a Black Country town: it is necessary, in order to justify Miss Eyles, to remind oneself that a doctor inevitably sees more of the wretchedness of life, the physical and moral pain and filth, than most people do, and cannot very well raise the customary defence of shut eyes and ears against them. Helen least of all, for clever, keen, courageous to self-sufficiency, her work is her very life: her religion is one of binding up the broken and making straight the path in the most practical and modern sense. That Shellpit should have afforded her such endless opportunities no one who knows much of the life of the Black Country towns will consider an overdrawn picture. Where life was hard on her and where Miss Eyles has allowed the scales to be weighted against her is her own private history. That she should love and be loved by a priest who thought celibacy his vocation was hard enough, harder still that she did not recognise—and perhaps it is understandable that here the woman blinded the doctor—how that in Francis Reay's case it was not a sane man's scruple which undermined his happiness but a madman's creeping obsession. Sorrow piles upon sorrow for her. The house in which her work among the poor of Shellpit is carried on is burnt down, her child is murdered, her very profession taken from her because she has sinned against the social law. It is in this darkness that she stoops down to gather that pearl of price, knowledge that God is greater than any of our imaginings of Him, that aim is everything and achievement nothing at all. A noble, painful, memorable book which should be read by everyone interested in the problems of our industrial and social life. S.

The Optimist, by E. M. Delafield. (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

MISS E. M. DELAFIELD is always clever, sometimes so clever that she leaves little room for more blessed things, such as pity and tenderness, and the one note of caustic criticism struck too often becomes tiresome. In *The Optimist* she is just as clever as ever, but she is something more. Her study of Canon Morchard is the most brilliant and satisfying thing that she has done yet, for the growth of her really great ability is proved in the fact that though she sets forth the apparent hypocrisy and self-deception of his Mid-Victorian Christianity clearly enough, she is not blind to the reality of the faith behind it, of the love behind his sentimentalism, the patience behind his pomposity. She is equally fair to the modern young man whose thought acts as the measure of the Canon's. Though herself too modern to tell a story which neatly works out to a comfortable conclusion, the wedding bells on the last page seem to round off the tale, minor though their note is.

Aubrey House, Kensington, 1698-1920, by Florence M. Gladstone. (Humphreys, 12s.)

"NOTTING Hill House," "The Villa at Nottin Hill," and latterly "Aubrey House," is one of the few remaining houses built in the seventeenth century, when the medicinal virtues of certain springs were attracting people to what was then known as Notting Hill. Its early history, the subsequent rise in importance of the ancient settlement at "Chenesitun," now Kensington, from 1689, when it first became a Royal residence, till 1760, when George III removed the Court to St. James's, is told by Miss Gladstone. The name is derived from Aubrey de Ver, a companion in arms of William the Conqueror, to whom the manor of Chenesitun was granted. By far the most interesting part of the narrative refers to its occupation by Lady Mary Coke, daughter of the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich and widow of Viscount Coke, son of the Earl of Leicester. The marriage in 1746 proved an unhappy one, and being of a somewhat capricious nature, Lady Mary refused to live with her husband. His death, however, in 1753 left her an attractive widow at twenty-seven, and, after residing with her widowed mother, the Duchess of Argyll, at Sudbrook (now a golf club

house), till her death in 1764, she obtained in 1767 a lease of Notting Hill House, where she lived for over twenty years. During this period of her life Lady Mary saw much of the Court; and, as during twenty-five years she kept a diary, we get a delightful picture of the life of those times—full of incidents of her daily occupations and of the people she met and of what was going on in London or at Court. Subsequently,

Aubrey House was occupied as a seminary for young ladies, and finally became the home of the Alexander family. The portrait of Cicely Alexander by Whistler is looked upon as "the finest flower and culminating point of the Butterfly Master's Art." It is a charming history, covering parts of three centuries, and should prove of interest to all those who care for old London.

W. C. H.

MUIRFIELD RE-BORN

ALTERATIONS to a famous course and more especially a championship course are always interesting, but the scheme that has lately been approved at Muirfield goes far beyond the usual rather tinkering alterations. It is one for taking in some fifty acres of new ground and entirely remodelling the whole course from beginning to end. The scheme was that of Mr. Harry Colt, who had with him Mr. Robert Maxwell as *amicus curiæ*, and it has been accepted in its entirety by the club. Lord Balfour once spoke of the Scottification of England by golf, but here is evidence of the Anglification of Scottish golf. The members of the most venerable and certainly not the least conservative of Scottish clubs, the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, have let an Englishman turn their links topsy-turvy for them. It is an epoch-making event, which may be said to reflect equal credit on both parties.

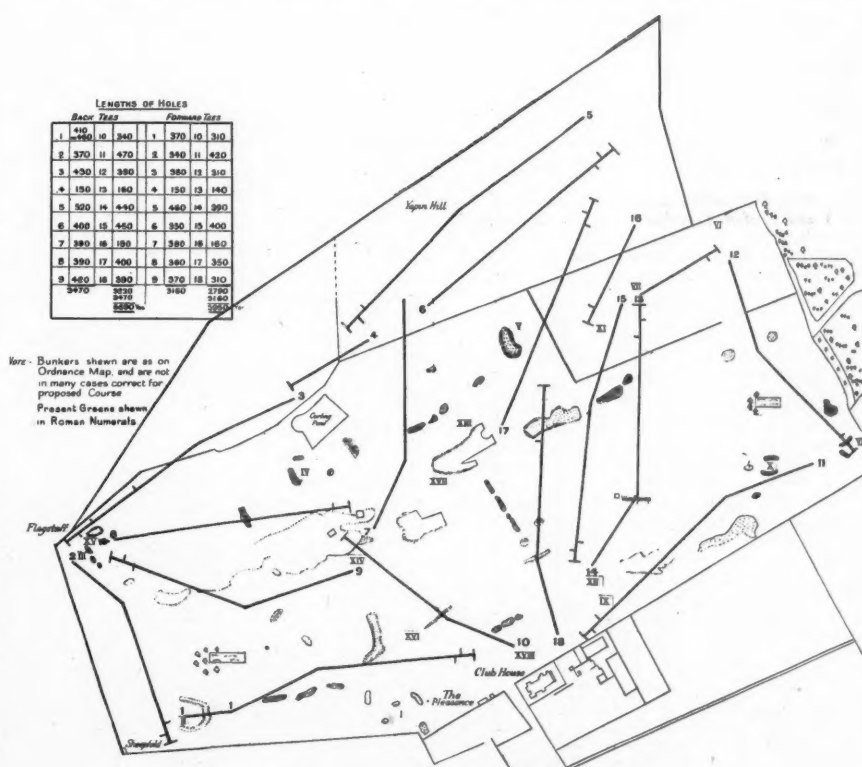
Muirfield is a course that has always had a good many critics. It was born in an atmosphere of criticism, when the Open Championship was first taken away from historic Musselburgh and played at the Honourable Company's new home, then perhaps hardly ready for it. That was over thirty years ago and Muirfield has long since been recognised as an eminently sound test of golf; but, though it has always seemed to possess the elements of greatness, it has never quite been great.

Andrew Kirkaldy was, of course, thoroughly unfair to it when he called it "an auld water-meadie," but there was just enough truth in that remark to leave an unforgettable sting behind it. Again, the stone wall round the course has had a good deal to answer for. It made one feel a little as if one were playing in a park, whereas one had come all the way from London or else where to get away from parks. There was something too park-like also in those two inevitable lines of rough that bordered the fairway to every hole, although this imperative need for straight driving was, from the testing point of view, one of the chief virtues of Muirfield. Moreover, the wall was particularly annoying in that it cut one off from some of the most magnificent looking golfing country to be seen anywhere, namely the country of sand hills that lay on one's left as one played the third and fifth holes. To have those glorious hills there and yet to be banging the ball along the flat between two hay fields (this is quite unjust, but it is what one felt) was exasperating. So, altogether, though everybody admitted that Muirfield was charming and quiet after the smartness and scrimmage of North Berwick, that the view was beautiful and Archerfield Wood romantic and the golf took a great deal of playing, yet, somehow, there was always an undercurrent of criticism. Now, however, fifty acres of the noble hill country have been taken in. There will be some fine holes along the valleys between the hills, and Mr. Colt, who is not given to over-statement, says in his report that, if the work be really well done, "Muirfield will not be surpassed by any of the championship courses."

The course, as we have hitherto known it, is to be so turned upside down that if I were to try to describe the changes in words I should be hopelessly tangled in no time and so would the reader. Luckily, however, there is the plan, by means of which the conscientious student will see, roughly at least, how the new course runs. To one thing he must harden his heart, namely, the destruction, or, at any rate, complete transmogrification of some familiar holes. The present holes are marked in Roman numerals on the plan, and it will be seen that some of these are left derelict and on the scrap heap, with no black roads leading to them. One or two old friends one cannot help regretting. For instance, there is the seventeenth green, where Mr. Maxwell got the historic three that won him his championship against Captain Hutchison in 1909. That will be used no more, neither will the first, sacred to the memory of Mr. Tolley's wonderful two against Mr. Gardner. There will be no more hooking out of bounds with the first shot of the day, and the

gentleman who lives in the house near the old green will presumably be grateful. The sixteenth also departs, but I cannot personally weep over that. It was a dull cut-and-dried sort of hole, though I admit that it repaid honest slamming. The fourth, likewise, vanishes—it was always a poor hole—but I could squeeze out a tear or two for the thirteenth, with the black boarded bunker in front of it, only, however, for old acquaintance sake. The fourteenth and fifteenth, two extraordinarily frightening holes of their length (the despised drive and short pitch), disappear, but their greens will be used, though approached from quite other quarters. Finally there is to be a dashing experiment in that the new eleventh will be practically the old ninth played backwards.

As regards the greater part of the design the plan can best speak for itself, but a little more may be said about the new land. Of this Mr. Colt says that "some of it has only a thin covering of turf and weeds. There is, however, an ample amount of ground which could, without doubt, be made fit for play in a comparatively short time." It is after playing the old third hole, now to be the second, that we shall go on to the new ground. Here is Mr. Colt's description. "The third is on the new land and should prove to be a particularly fine two-shot hole. From the next three holes, also on the new land, good views of the sea can be obtained. The fourth is a short hole, with natural features,



MUIRFIELD AS IT WILL BE.

The present greens are shown in Roman numerals.

the fifth a long, three-shot hole played down the prevailing wind and the sixth is a drive and a long iron shot, with a natural site for a green. The seventh is played from the new land to a green to be made on the fairway of the present fourteenth." After that the new ground is only used again for the sixteenth, a short hole which its creator says should be "very impressive."

There are to be no blind holes on the course, which can be stretched up to 6,700yds. (I devoutly pray it won't be when I play it), and can be no more than 6,000yds. while keeping its entertaining shots. Mr. Colt sums it up thus: "There are several magnificent two-shot holes, three short ones, two or three holes of three shots, and what is, in my estimation, the most important consideration, the course should provide opportunity for the display of special skill with iron clubs."

THE EXPENSES OF THE TEAM TO AMERICA.

Mr. de Montmorency has kindly sent to COUNTRY LIFE his letter in which he appeals to golfers for subscriptions in making up

the deficit of some £800 in the cost of sending the British team to play the International match in America last autumn. As the letter has appeared in the daily papers, I will not set it out at length, and I have some little delicacy in alluding to it since I am a member of the Championship Committee which is at present liable for the deficit. Still, I cannot help thinking that Mr. de Montmorency is right when he says that if this deficit is not made up "it will be a disgrace to the golfing community of this country." The tour was remarkably cheap owing to the wonderful generosity of the team's American hosts; and

if only a fraction of all the golfers in this country had given a shilling apiece the money would have been raised in less than no time. Mr. de Montmorency suggests that "every golf club guarantees a guinea for each hundred members on its list, and if more than this minimum is subscribed, so much the better"; and he adds that Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Holdsworth Hunt, D.S.O., of the Stoke Poges Golf Club will receive subscriptions. The Stoke Poges Club has itself guaranteed eight guineas for its 800 members in addition to the sum already subscribed by it.

BERNARD DARWIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PRE-NATAL BREEDING EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a worthless little goatling about which nothing is known; she will serve the purpose of companion to your goat until she kids and then you can get rid of her." Thus the entry of the Witch of Speen—*sans* parentage, *sans* repute, *sans* anything. And what a little misery! and what a companion! The crate was opened and a terror-struck creature sprang out, leapt high yard gates, and was off and away for four unhappy days when no one could find her, until, across the shoulders of a man and completely exhausted, she was brought back. A week previously I had purchased my first goat, an Anglo-Nubian of high birth and considerable beauty. This aristocrat needed a goat companion. I indeed needed it for her. For my Nubian insisted upon human companionship, pursuing us even into the privacy of our bedrooms, and unhappy day and night without a pal. Its poor distraught companion was a great contrast in appearance and temperament. It was almost impossible to gain her confidence. She seemed to have been born under a star of terror which reached a climax at the approach of a human being. This was in the winter of 1914. In the spring was born a male kid, which was sold for 3s. 6d. and promptly strangled itself. The Witch remained obscure, unfortunate and desperately shy. But there was plenty of milk, and even my ignorance realised the quantity thereof, and at a second kidding and under happier conditions she began to show her worth, and in subsequent years has proved a heavy milker, and has given birth to thirteen fine upstanding sons and four daughters. All have been good, and the two daughters I have kept have been exceptionally good milkers, one producing 230 gallons in one year. The Witch is undersized, dainty in appearance, fine coated and fine boned, light upon her feet and with peculiar deeply curving horns which have not been handed on to any of her progeny. Despite the fact that she remains highly nervous she now leads the herd, by no means an easy matter when you are its smallest member. In the daily walks abroad by roads and woodways all movements are guided by the little old lady, while she in turn is always listening for and attending to the voice of the goatherd. All goes well if the Witch is of the party. Oddly enough, the sight of a perambulator is a far greater trial to her steady leadership than a couple of great thundering lorries. In my opinion she is the victim of adverse pre-natal conditions, and my object is to give an account of an experiment I tried on her, which I hope may be of some interest to breeders. My interest in this subject was first aroused by reading Mr. Calthrop's book on horses, and, more especially, his pre-natal experiments with mares and foals. Subsequently, I met an owner of herds of sheep and goats in Palestine who informed me that the latter were known to be so responsive to pre-natal impressions that if there were certain desirable points or colours in the sheep it was considered sufficient to keep the goats, when in kid, in continuous close proximity to these sheep in order to obtain the desired result. In the same way that great flockmaster Jacob made use of pre-natal impressions to obtain the distinctive coloration he desired, and thus to enrich himself at the expense of his employer Laban. I decided to experiment upon the Witch for the following reasons. In the first place she is the one goat in my herd which really shows attachment and, in many little ways, also affection; and secondly, because all her kids had hitherto inherited her essentially nervous temperament—had been unusually shy of human beings, and had taken quite a long time to tame and handle. Following the plan of Mr. Calthrop with his well loved mare, I went for about three months—at the same time and for the same length of time

every evening, dressed in the same clothes—and talked soothing words to the Witch, fondling her and using certain massage movements beloved by goats, and inducing in her a state of absolute content and rest. Rather a grind, you will say! But the result was a joy. I was present when the kid was born, and as soon as it was possible the tiny thing came to me and quite certainly knew my voice. It was an astonishing and gratifying moment, and the first impression that the little kid *knew me* remained continuously and in all subsequent visits. There was not the slightest hesitation in coming forward; further, he made advances always. I am convinced that the enhanced impressions of rest and trustfulness engendered in the Witch during her pregnancy by my treatment were conveyed to the kid, with the result that immediately after birth it showed a disposition quite unlike the disposition displayed at birth by the Witch's other offspring, whether prior or subsequent to this particular kid. Indeed, so shy and nervous was her last year's kid that it took considerable time and handling to tame. This fact points to the permanency of inherited temperament, and for the need of continuous special pre-natal treatment to overcome its inevitable expression. The subject is, I am aware, complicated and controversial, but I trust that the success of my experiment in obtaining a non-nervous kid from a very highly strung mother may help to throw some further light on the matter.—M. FORT.

HIPPOTAMUS HUNTING.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* your photographs of the mother and baby hippo last week you may care to see this photograph, which was taken on Lake Victoria, Uganda. Hippopotamus abound in the lake and afford excellent sport. They generally occur in schools of three to seven, always close to shore. Hunting must be done in the morning or evening. From daybreak until the sun gets high (about nine o'clock) they may be found sporting in the water. They then disappear into the bush or long grass on shore, coming back to the water again at 4 p.m. until sunset. Feeding is all done at night. The hunter engages a native canoe and is paddled to a quiet bay, or backwater, either early in the morning or before 4 p.m. Reliable information as to the haunts of the animal can be obtained from the natives. The canoe is then brought up close to the shore, and, if quietness is maintained, and one is fortunately situated, the animals may be observed leaving their retreat and entering the water. If in no way alarmed they swim round close to each other with their heads above water. If disturbed they immediately dive, and when they next rise for a second to breathe, they may be 100yds. away in either direction. The hunter must get in his shot in this second, and, as the head is only lifted sufficiently for the nostrils to appear above water, the mark is rather a small one. If killed, the body remains below water for a few hours, when it rises and floats.—E. BROWN.

HOW LONG DO WILD DUCKS LIVE?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is always a moot point how long wild ducks live, and the following cases may be of

interest in this connection. A moat runs round my house, and I keep various varieties of wild duck. The other day a drake tufted duck and a drake pochard were found dead. Unfortunately I was away at the time, and so had no opportunity of examining the bodies myself, but my keeper assures me that he could not detect any apparent cause of death. I think, therefore, that these ducks probably died of old age. In any case the tufted duck had been here for about eighteen years, and the pochard for at least twelve years, and probably longer. As regards the age to which trout will live, I may mention that trout (rainbow and brown trout) do well in the moat, which is supplied with water from chalk springs only. The fish spawn freely at their respective seasons. They clear away the weed in the shallow parts, and expose the chalk on which they spawn. The weed very quickly grows up again and, I imagine, kills the spawn—at all events, I have never seen any fry; but the fact that the fish spawn freely keeps them in good health. One or two of the older fish who have lately died bore all the marks of old age, and these particular fish cannot have been less than ten and were probably twelve or thirteen years old.—BUXTON.

THE W. H. HUDSON MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE are doubtless aware that the proposal to erect a memorial to the late Mr. W. H. Hudson, author and naturalist, is to take the form of a representation in stone of that great writer, so fashioned that the base will serve as drinking and bathing places for birds. Permission is being sought



"HOW LITTLE ARE THE PROUD."

for its erection in one of the Royal Parks of London, and to enable the committee to have the work carried out in a worthy manner a sum of about £2,000 is required; so far £447 has been received. It is felt that there are many readers of COUNTRY LIFE who would wish to have a share in this tribute to Mr. Hudson, who by his writings provided such rich enjoyment for lovers of Nature and of literature. Donations should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Hugh R. Dent, Aldine House, Bedford Street, W.C.2. In connection with the memorial a portrait of Mr. Hudson, painted by Professor W. Rothenstein, has been presented by the artist to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery and accepted by them, they having in this case had pleasure in waiving their usual ten years' rule.—M. L. LEMON, Hon. Secretary, W. H. Hudson Memorial Committee, Hillcrest, Redhill, Surrey.

A WOOL TRAIN IN THE LAKES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Wool is the staple product of the Lake District fell dale farms, which are essentially sheep farms, the sheep being mainly mountain-going Herdwicks or Swaledales, the latter being rather smaller than the former. The wool is purchased by buyers' agents who go the round of the remote farms purchasing the "clip" during the end of the summer and autumn months for delivery later on. The valley of Eskdale in Cumberland is fortunate in the possession of a narrow-gauge railway which, though its gauge is only 15ins., conveys many thousands of passengers yearly, as well as farm goods such as the wool here shown *en route* for the great woollen centres of Yorkshire.—MARY C. FAIR.

THE COCK'S EGG; THE CENT EGG.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is, or was, a curious superstition in the Midlands that a fowl after it had laid 100 eggs next laid a small one, which was known as "The Cock's Egg," and the egg had also the name of "The Cent Egg." I knew it by both names, but have only seen two specimens, one some years ago and the other is now before me. Both were small, a little larger than a robin's egg, the colour a dusky grey white. The idea among country folk was that, if the cock's or cent egg could be hatched, out would come a cockatrice, but what the creature was no one could say and none had been seen!—DERBYSHIRE.

A RECIPE FOR BACON CURING.

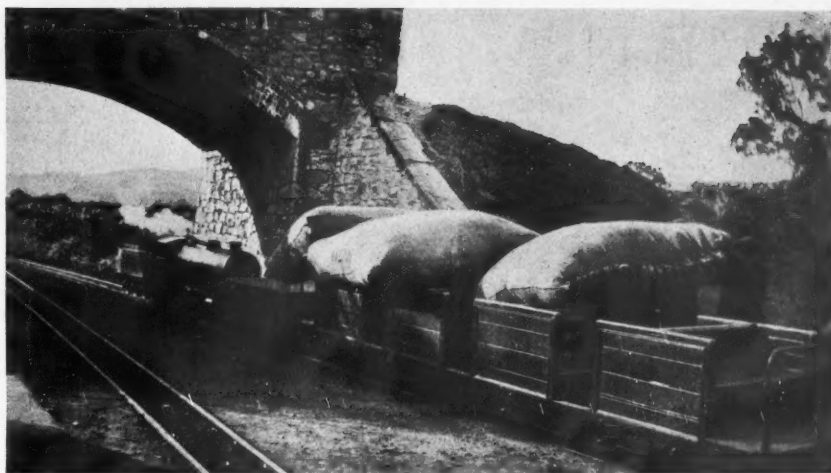
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent I give a recipe for bacon-curing we have used at home for some twenty-five years with great success: For 200lb. pig—rub 7lb. salt into hams, flitches and shoulders, allow to lie two days in a trough (we use a wood one 6ins. deep); throw away the brine at the end of two days, and examine each piece for blood veins, and draw if any. Then mix 4lb. salt, ½lb. saltpetre and 2lb. brown sugar, rub well over each part, replace in tub, and brine will form; rub the pieces each alternate day with the brine, reversing the positions so that each gets the benefit of the brine. Take out the flitches at end of fourteen days and hams at end of twenty-one days. Wash well, wipe, and sprinkle with flour or oatmeal. Dust any openings in hams or shoulders with cayenne pepper to keep out flies.—A. R.

TWO NORMAN FONTS IN SHROPSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photographs are interesting as examples of two exceptionally fine Norman fonts, both situated in the Clee Hill district of Shropshire, some few miles north-east of Ludlow—a part of the country which is exceedingly rich in relics of this kind. While the Stottesdon font somewhat resembles the ones at Eardisley and Castle Frome in Herefordshire, which you have already reproduced in back numbers of COUNTRY LIFE, the work at Stottesdon appears to be rather more elaborate in its ornamentation, though the figures are on a smaller scale and the general appearance of the whole is rather more crude than the other two Herefordshire fonts above mentioned. The Holgate example is of quite



WELL DONE, LITTLE TOY TRAIN.

a different design, the sculptured figures being very remarkable and by no means easy to explain. Combined with a winged dragon having heads at either end is a double twisted cord at intervals, which passes over two objects somewhat resembling leather water-bottles. It would be interesting to know what this design is intended to convey. I can personally get no authentic information on the subject, and perhaps your readers could throw some light on the matter.—W. A. CALL.

A CURIOUS CAULIFLOWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a picture of an imported (Italian) cauliflower which is, I think you will



A PATTERN IN SHELLS.

agree, extraordinary. You will note that the shell-like formation is not confined to the arrangement of the "knobs" in the flower, but that each "knob" itself shows this shell-like form.—W.

[The wild cabbage, *Brassica oleracea*, of which the cauliflower and the broccoli are

cultivated forms, has sported to a remarkable extent in the long period of time during which it has been in cultivation, so that to-day we have, in addition to the "hearted" maiden cabbage, the savoy, the Brussels sprout, the cauliflower (including the broccoli) and a great variety of winter greens. That the tendency to sport is still present most practical gardeners are aware, and such tendency is well shown in the picture, where the spirals may be compared with the leaf rosettes of certain plants or with the cones of coniferous trees.—ED.]

PAYING TITHE IN KIND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your Country Note of last week on tithes reminds me of the Devonshire folksong, "The Tythe Pig," included in "Songs of the West," collected from "the mouths of the people" by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould and the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard. The parson went to the farmer's house to choose the tithe pig. In the words of the chorus, "Good morning," said the Parson; good morning, sir, to you, 'I'm come to take a sucking pig, a pig that is my due.'

The farmer went to the sty and chose "the very wee-est pig, the wee-est of them all," but the selection enraged the parson so much that "he snorted loud, he shook his wig, he almost cursed and swore." To continue the story:

"O then outspoke the Farmer, 'Since my offer you refuse, Pray step into the sty yourself, that you may pick and choose; So to the sty the Priest did hie, and there without ado The old sow ran with open mouth, and grunting at him flew.

"She caught him by the breeches black, that loudly he did cry, 'Oh help me! help me from the sow! or surely I shall die; The little pigs his waistcoat tore, his stockings and his shoes; The farmer said, with bow and smile, 'You're welcome, sir, to choose.'

The parson returned home discomfited; his wife, when she "saw him in such plight," "fainted clean away," like a perfect eighteenth century lady. The last verse points the moral:

"Go fetch me down a suit of clothes, a sponge and soap, I pray; And bring me, too, my greasy wig, and rub me down with hay; Another time I won't be nice when gathering my dues, Another time in sucking pigs, I will not pick and choose."

The chorus of the last verse runs:

"Good morning," said the Parson, 'Good morning, sirs, to you, I will not pick a sucking pig—I leave the choice to you.'

The tune, arranged by Dr. F. W. Bussell, is an excellent one and suits the words admirably. The song should, of course, be sung in dialect. If any of your readers wish to see the complete version, it is No. 29 in Part II of the "Songs of the West," original edition. It was taken down from the lips of an old "singing man."—ERNEST BLAKE.



THE STOTTESDON FONT



THE HOLGATE FONT.

SOME NEW SIRES FOR THE 1923 SEASON

A GLANCE AT THEIR CLAIMS.

G LANCING through a recent issue of the *Racing Calendar* one is given some idea of the number of new stallions now at the stud and, therefore, claiming patronage at a time like the present. Except in the case of a high-class horse which has gained great distinction on the racecourse, it is by no means an easy matter to "make" a newcomer to the stud. The high-class horse is guaranteed a full subscription and, inasmuch as the fee is big, the owners of mares take care to send their best ones. Thus he is given the greatest possible chance, and it is due to his own shortcomings if he does not make good. We may be sure that Lord Woolavington has no anxiety about Captain Cuttle being given the right sort of start when the time comes for him to join *Hurry On* at the Lavington Park Stud.

It is rather different with what may be called the second-class horse or even the very good handicapper. Unless owned by a big private breeder, who can afford to "make" the horse by giving him all his good mares, the second-class sire can command only a moderate fee by comparison with the "tall" ones, running as high as 500 guineas for *The Tetrarch*. As a rule, the horse that makes a leading sire is the one that gets there on his merits. Breeders show no enthusiasm for him in the first instance, and then in due course his stock begin winning and the horse is made. He does better and better because the good winner-producing mares are now sent his way. There are many instances of what I mean. *Bachelor's Double* is one of them.

Breeders who intend to sell their produce as yearlings must more than ever think seriously of sires for their mares. Have you noticed that yearlings by "unmade" and cheap sires fetch little money and in many cases do not bring a return to cover the fees and cost of maintenance? Only those by sires which are getting winners and which are still on the up-grade are commanding big money. The *Sledmere Stud*, for instance, rarely experiments with a new sire except, of course, in the cases of those especially distinguished on the racecourse. The management understands full well the point noted above. The selling value of the yearling must be pronounced, and it is chiefly settled by the status of the sire, further influenced, of course, by the achievements of the mare on the racecourse and at the stud.

Here are some names of this season's newcomers with the fees asked for their services: *Alan Breck* (98 sovs.), *Craig an Eran* (250 guineas), *Tamar* (48 sovs.), *Roubaix* (19 guineas), *Devizes* (98 sovs.), *Flamboyant* (48 sovs.), *Golden Myth* (200 guineas), *Westward Ho* (48 sovs.), *Blue Ensign* (9 guineas), *Noblesse Oblige* (9 guineas), *King Sol* (18 guineas), *Orpheus* (198 sovs.), *Periosteum* (98 sovs.), *Poltava* (48 sovs.), *Milesius* (18 guineas), *Soranus* (48 sovs.), *Square Measure* (48 sovs.), *Tetrameter* (48 sovs.), *Trespasser* (24 sovs.), *Yutoi* (48 sovs.). There may be one or two others, while as for *Poltava*, I am not quite certain whether this is his first or second season. It will be noted that the only high-priced one among the newcomers is *Craig an Eran*, and 250 guineas may be considered a moderate request to make about a winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, only beaten a neck by *Humorist* for the Derby.

In the same ownership—Lord Astor's—is *Tamar*. May I say that I am mildly surprised and yet fully appreciative of the fact that the fee should not have been fixed at a higher figure? *Tamar* was no great horse, judging him by his performances, and it is merely expressing a very personal and detached opinion to say that I think he would have won the *St. Leger* had he kept all right. In the circumstances, therefore, a higher fee would not have been unreasonable, but I am glad Lord Astor has fixed it at under £50. It will bring this well bred horse within the reach of the breeder of modest means and ideas, and at a time, too, when there is general agreement that fees generally are too high.

Both *Craig an Eran* and *Alan Breck* are by *Sunstar*, and so the list of good *Sunstar* horses at the stud steadily grows. The distinguished Derby winner of 1911 still flourishes, and I think will continue to do so in spite of the criticism of those who maintain that he has been overworked. That is not his owner's idea, needless to say, and at any rate the present-day sires,

Buchan, *Craig an Eran*, *Galloper Light*, *Somme Kiss*, *Alan Breck*, *Blink*, *Sky Rocket*, *Sir Berkeley* and others, bear testimony to his big contribution to the breeding and evolution of the British thoroughbred. *Tamar*, of course, is a Tracery horse, which perhaps is the most notable credential of all. *Roubaix* won races in this country, but it was in India where he excelled, and the competition is far keener there than most people imagine. He is by *Minoru*, the 1909 Derby winner, and stands at the same stud as does *Caligula*, the grey Tetrarch horse, winner of the *St. Leger* for the Bombay owner, Mr. *Malhuradass Goculdass*.

I must not fail to note the passing to the stud of *Golden Myth* at a 200-guinea fee. From being a moderate handicapper—think of the weight the hurdler *Trespasser* nearly succeeded in giving him for the *Queen's Prize* at *Kempton Park*!—he proceeded to take rank as the winner of the *Gold Vase* and *Gold Cup* at *Ascot* and the *Eclipse Stakes*. Surely there never was a clearer case of the racehorse making the sire.

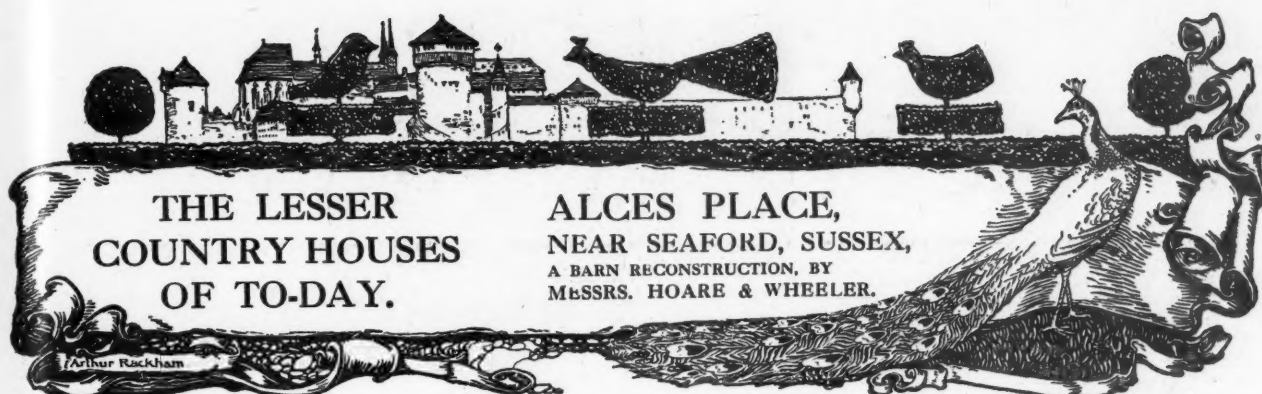
Let me show you two cases at the other extreme. They are those of *Blue Ensign* and *Noblesse Oblige*. I expect Lord Glanely is sick of being reminded that he once upon a time gave 14,500 guineas for *Blue Ensign* as a yearling. It is a record that will surely never be equalled or surpassed for a yearling. This chestnut horse made a tremendous sensation at *Doncaster* and yet could not win a race, and mares are now being asked for at the contemptible fee of 9 guineas. Who knows? He may be destined to continue his notoriety by making a great sire—some day. Then *Noblesse Oblige* was figuratively taken to the law courts and made the subject of litigation between Mr. *James White*, who unknowingly gave close on £10,000 for him as a yearling, and the *Sledmere Stud* where he, like *Blue Ensign*, was bred. The fame of that stud, needless to say, was built on rather more substantial foundations than is suggested by these glaring failures as racehorses.

Lord Glanely, the owner of *Blue Ensign*, is also canvassing for votes for his 11,500-guinea yearling purchase, *Westward Ho*. Now he was a much better racehorse, and I have no doubt that he would have established his fame far more as a three year old but for the months of dry weather and hard ground that were outstanding characteristics of the 1921 season. Nevertheless he ran a good horse for the *St. Leger*, won by *Polemarch*. He was an exceptionally powerful fellow that wanted yielding going. Being such a good-looking individual and so very well bred, by *Swynford* from *Blue Tit*, I have no doubt he will make up into an imposing stud horse whatever measure of success may be awaiting him.

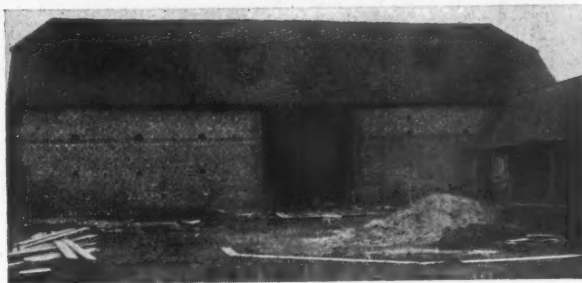
Orpheus was quite a high-class horse on the racecourse. Of that there is no possible doubt, and his stud fee certainly corresponds. He is an Orby horse, as also are *Grand Parade*, *Flying Orb* and *Diadumenos*, and the blood has many potentialities. *Flamboyant* was a long-distance performer; he is also a Tracery and he comes from a winning strain on the dam's side. *King Sol*, like *Poltava* and *Square Measure*, was a horse of marked nervous energy, and I always think that is a most excellent attribute in a thoroughbred sire. *Periosteum* was a handicapper destined to merge into an *Ascot Gold Cup* winner. Hence his fee of 98 sovs., which does not seem excessive for one with his record.

One recalls *Milesius* as a grey horse of fine physique, and he may do well at a stud which entertains a tremendous amount of "grey" blood, since other grey horses at *Straffan Station Stud* in Ireland are *Roi Herode*, *Royal Canopy* and *Prince Phillip*. It may not be the fact that *Milesius* was altogether to blame for his erratic career as a racehorse. *Soranus* was the *Lincolnshire Handicap* winner of two years ago. Most sons of *Polymelus* can be detected at a glance, but this horse is exceptionally heavy-bodied and would, I am sure, have done better and bigger things had it been possible to keep him sound and train him. I like the chestnut horse *Tetrameter*, a sprinter just about at the top of the class. He simply ran away from a big field for the *Stewards' Cup*. *Trespasser* should appeal to owners of mares, for he was a splendid individual and unequalled as a hurdler. For *Yutoi* it can be said that he was stoutly bred and was a stout-hearted horse.

PHILIPPOS.



THERE are those who believe that the level of English architecture can be raised only by better training of an academic kind, definitely classical in its aim, instead of the haphazard training which has generally accompanied the "placing" of a pupil with a practising architect at a premium. Also there are those who are diametrically opposed to this idea, who think that it leads to an unreal drawing-board sort of architecture, in which canons of taste swamp the practical needs, resulting in the production of buildings that may be pleasant to look upon but are very unpleasant to live in. This second faction believe that we shall never do any real good again until we "get back to the workman," and with the "back to the workman" idea goes the notion that so long as a building is "direct," and suited to its purpose, it is sure to be satisfying. But it would be easy to find a thousand instances to prove the fallacy of this



THE BARN AS IT WAS.



AS CONVERTED: THE ENTRANCE SIDE.



GARDEN FRONT.

notion. Building pure and simple does not necessarily bring beauty automatically with it. Take, as an example, the building shown by the small illustration above. Here is a barn, not a specimen of the great days of English barn building, with their wonderful trussed roofs, but a matter-of-fact thing dating from about 1850—just a rectangular building with a cart-shed extending from one side of it and a cowshed on the other. It is built of flint and brick, with a roof of tiles. It is a sound piece of building, but one would hardly call it beautiful. Yet, by the drawing-board method, it has been transformed into something which is very pleasing indeed, as may be seen from the two other photographs on this page.

Since the war various expedients in the way of house-building have been resorted to, particularly in the adaptation of workaday structures to domestic needs. Thus mews have been converted in town, and barns in the country. The present is an example of the latter expedient. This barn, in the village of Blatchington (which lies on the hill overlooking Seaford on the west side), had been long out of use when its present owner purchased it, and very likely, seeing that English agriculture is in so unprosperous a condition, it may have fallen into a bad state, and ultimately to ruin. But it has been saved from all this, very good use having been made of it by transforming it into a little country house, Messrs. Hoare and Wheeler having been the architects responsible for this work.

As will be seen from the plans, the buildings have been retained just as they were, the only addition made being a small connecting wing at one angle, where a staircase and cloakroom have been accommodated. This wing (seen to the

right of the bottom illustration on the preceding page) has a brick base with weatherboarding above.

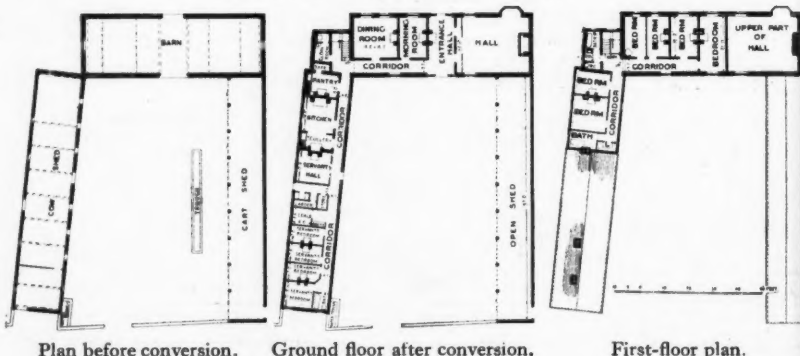
The barn itself has been schemed to provide a large living-hall on one side of the central entrance hall, with a morning-room and dining-room on the other side. The living-hall has an open fireplace, and a bay window has been thrown out on the garden side. The old rafters are left in view, the spaces between being plastered. From the left of the entrance hall a corridor has been taken across, and this corridor is continued on the inner side of what used to be the cowshed, which building now accommodates kitchen and service rooms, with bedrooms above for half its length; other bedrooms occupying half the upper part of the barn, making six in all, with two bathrooms, linen cupboard, etc.

The cart-shed remains as before, so far as its structure is concerned, but now looks very different, with a dwarf wall in front overtopped by flowers; and the enclosed space is now trim grass instead of the mess and muddle of a farmyard. What used to be the central entrance to the barn from the yard has become the main entrance to the house, the opening having been filled with half-timber work and plaster panels, some of which bear heraldic devices. Thus an effective feature has been made out of a former void, a mere gap in the wall: and the approach to this entrance is by a little stone-paved terrace where tiny plants find a hold. All the windows are constructed in oak, and it will be noted that the chimneys which have been built are of a goodly form, with sturdy corbelled caps. The dormers, too, are not the poor little things which one often sees, but adequate, giving good light to the bedrooms. So, with greenery overspreading the house front, Alces Place (the former name of the site, which has been revived by the present owner) makes an attractive picture.

R. R. P.



DETAIL OF GARDEN FRONT.



Plan before conversion.

Ground floor after conversion.

First-floor plan.

SOME BOOKS OF THE DAY

AFTER Lady Butler's fascinating *Autobiography* (Constable, 18s.), noticed at length on another page, the book of the moment which has won most of my regard is a posthumous collection—the first, I believe, of two promised us—from the unpublished MSS. of Olive Schreiner. *Stories, Dreams and Allegories* (Fisher Unwin, 6s.) is full of the fine literary quality which made her work so noticeable: in two or three of the short stories published here—for instance, "The Buddhist Priest's Wife"—she touched the high water mark of her genius. *Echo* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.), by Miss Margaret Rivers Larminie, has made its appearance and shall presently receive more detailed consideration. Other fiction received includes a first novel full of incident, *The Trail of Conflict* (Fisher Unwin, 7s. 6d.), by Emilie Loring; *The Eden Tree* (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Anthony Carlyle, who seems to be a very rapid manufacturer of popular fiction; *The Best Short Stories of 1922 (English)* (Cape, 7s. 6d.), as chosen by Mr. Edward O'Brien and Mr. John Courmos, a publication which should delight all lovers of that form of literary expression, whether they wholly agree with the selection or no, unless, seeing it hedged about with so much pomp and circumstance, they begin to fear that, having been accustomed to neglect, the object of their regard may now be killed by kindness. *The Ruminations of Ruffles* (Blackwell, 5s.) is the story of a dog, apparently designed for young readers.

Books of a topographical interest include Mr. Percy F. Martin's *Egypt Old and New* (Allen and Unwin, 21s.), which Lord Carnarvon's discoveries make especially a *propos*, and which, with many good illustrations, some especially well done in colour, gives a popular account of its subject. *Two Years in the Southern Seas* (Fisher Unwin, 21s.) is a very human and interesting travel book by Charlotte Cameron. Mrs. Cameron has much that will be new to most readers to say, and spent some time at Molokai, the largest leper settlement in the world. *Country Residences in Europe and America* (Putnam's, 75s.), by Louis Valcoulon Le Moyné, has also been received; and that useful and concise book of reference, *South and East Africa 1923 Edition* (Sampson Low and Marston, 5s.): no one interested, either as business man, hunter or settler, will be well advised to do without it. In *Yorkshire Reminiscences (With Others)* (Milford, 12s. 6d.), by the Rev. M. C. F. Roberts, there are many good stories, and the true atmosphere of the northern countryside and its people is in every page; in *Things Near and Far* (Secker, 7s. 6d.) Mr. Arthur Machen has written a part of his autobiography, a very interesting autobiography too. Lady Frances Balfour's memoir, *The Life of George, Fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., K.T.* (Hodder and Stoughton, 42s.) is among the more important publications of the hour.

From the Bodley Head come, published at 3s. each, Gabriel Harvey's *Four Letters and Certain Sonnets, especially touching Robert Greene* (1592), and Robert Greene's *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage* (1591), *The Second Part of Conny-Catching* (1592). These are the first two volumes of the Bodley Head Quartos, a series of reprints of Elizabethan and Jacobean pamphlets, plays and manifests, each a replica of the original book save that modern typography is used. From the same publisher comes a translation of M. Joseph le Gras' *Casanova, Adventurer and Lover* (12s. 6d.), by Mr. A. Francis Stewart.

The *Hávamal* (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d.), translated and edited by Mrs. D. E. Martin Clarke, is of considerable value, making its subject, together with selections from other poems of the Edda, easily accessible

to English readers for the first time. We have received a slender book of verse, *Black and White* (Poetry Bookshop, 2s. 6d.), by H. H. Abbott.

In *How to Play Billiards* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.), Newman, the present Champion, has produced a very clearly written and easily to be followed manual which will be of the greatest value to the man who possesses a billiard table and is able to practise his strokes with an eye to the advice which a wealth of detail and some useful diagrams make easily assimilable. We have also received *Self-Defence, or the Art of Boxing* (Fleetway Press, 2s. 6d.), by Ned Donnelly, a new and revised edition with an introduction by Mr. A. F. Bettinson; and a little booklet, *Golf Service Book for Caddies and Members* (Lippincott, 1s.), which will prove very useful to secretaries and members of the committees of golf clubs where raw material has to be trained.

Among the books appearing in the immediate future, as I write, I am particularly looking forward to *The Watsons*, Jane Austen's unfinished story, with a preface by Mr. A. B. Walkley and published by Mr. Leonard Parsons; and to *Memories of Travel* (Messrs. Macmillan), by the late Lord Bryce. S.

British Artists Series: Lely and Kneller. Wright of Derby. Girtin and Bonington. (Philip Allan, 5s. each.)

Lely and Kneller, by Mr. C. H. Collins Baker, is the earliest volume of this admirable little series to have reached our hands. Quite apart from the value of the criticisms expressed by the scholarly author of "Lely and the Stuart Portrait Painters," it is written in a fresh and vivid style. The importance of Lely and Kneller in transmitting the traditions of stern draughtsmanship and beautiful colour, derived from Van Dyck, Rubens and the Renaissance, across the laxity and corruption of the latter seventeenth century, is apt to be underestimated. Because their men wore perukes and their women were sensual or merely animal, we are inclined to leave them out of consideration as excellent, if rarely intuitive, artists. They did more than any other artists to set the Old English school on a firm basis, and, as Mr. Collins Baker sets forth, Hogarth was the last of that school, not the founder of a new. At least, the last but one. *Wright of Derby*, about whom the general editor, Mr. Kaines Smith, has collaborated with Mr. H. C. Bemrose, the descendant of and most eminent authority on that artist, is held by the authors to have been really the last of the line Van Dyck-Lely-Kneller-Hudson, in the studio of the last-named of whom he was taught. To revive the memory of this contemporary of Reynolds and friend of Wilson and Romney a whole volume of the series has been devoted to him. Although it was as a portrait painter that his early success was attained, Wright, who was a sensitive and introspective man, more and more devoted himself to a class of picture the spontaneous outcome of his own taste: fire pictures. These ranged from candlelight pieces, in which more or less scientific scenes were portrayed, to eruptions of Vesuvius or fireworks. Even his portraits are rarely straightforward, usually in the latter half of his career being but occasions for intricate light effects, and sometimes a mixture of candle, moon and sunlight. At the end of his life Wright worked not a little on pure sunny English landscape, the beauties of which by that time were beginning to be seen. *Girtin and Bonington*, the subjects of Mr. Hugh Stokes' volume, carry on this aspect of art development. Though Girtin died in 1802, the year of Bonington's birth, the younger artist to so singular a degree carried on the style of the earlier man that their art is fitly treated in one volume.

SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

SITTING SHOTS AND THE CONVULSIVE JERK.

"SPORTING PARSON'S" letter of a fortnight ago discusses, but does not offer any explanation of, the difficulty of delivering a properly centred charge on a sitting object. A new and, I believe, hitherto unsuggested explanation has occurred to me. In rifle shooting one learns in the course of long practice to lie inert, gently squeezing the trigger while awaiting the quite moderate blow that will be administered. When using the shot gun, with its more severe recoil, an entirely different body policy is adopted. We meet the recoil with a sudden tenseness of the muscles which takes its time from the pull of the trigger. There was no more perfect exponent of the process than the late Frank Izzard, who won the first three championship clay bird competitions with a quality of form probably unique in the history of shooting. That was the day of known angles, and he broke his birds many yards earlier in their flight than the quickest of his rivals could attain. But if he came across cartridges with the slightest vestige of hang-fire he would positively tumble forward for want of the back-thrust on which his muscles had calculated. That everybody pushes hard into the gun at the moment of discharge many little facts go to prove; hence, when a sitting shot has to be taken, either the gun must be snapped quickly, as in ordinary shooting at moving objects, or else true rifle-shot conditions must be observed. This is where nearly everybody breaks down; they hold true enough on to the mark, but there is no psychological moment for pulling the trigger. A panicky release usually results, the jerk of the muscles in their effort to meet the recoil gets badly timed, so anticipating the discharge instead of being postponed till after the shot charge has been safely delivered on a true course.

CURED BY EXTRA SHOULDER PADDING.

That there is something curious about the conditions of aiming a shot gun at a still mark is proved by the varying style of those who shoot at the iron plate when testing patterns. The experienced game shooter always does best by taking a quick instinctive aim as nearly as possible similar to his ordinary style in wing shooting. Even then the patterns are usually all over the target, some high, others low, and very few vertically central. When they pause on the aim their lack of precision seems to increase; consequently, when serious results are required I usually do the shooting myself. The suggestion of brag herein contained may be quickly dissipated by saying that unless the recoil is insignificant a rug folded about four times is thrown over the shoulder in order to damp down the blow, this being a positive necessity during summer weather when sparsity of clothing emphasises the shock. What seems to be shown by this experience is that the untimed discharge of rifle shooting is necessary for aiming at stationary objects; further, that the body refuses to be buffeted without notice and insists on easing the recoil by a process which long practice has taught it. Under the conditions of a stationary shot, with the precise moment of discharge undecided by outside circumstances, the will power breaks down and the aim gets disturbed at the critical last moment. Only by supplying extra padding at the shoulder can the body be got to consent to await the blow in passive condition. My own experience is that long-continued use of the rug enables a person to take rifle-aim with a shot gun to the virtual exclusion of reflex action by the shoulder.

SHOOTINGS LET IN DETAIL.

As one travels about and talks to different people, evidence is provided on all sides that owners of shooting are extensively availing themselves of the better terms to be secured by letting their surplus by the gun instead of entire to a party or the representative of such. From the tenant's point of view he is out for

sport only, has neither time, inclination nor, perhaps, knowledge for management processes, yet intensely dislikes the thought of being cheated. He has no means of ensuring that the game reared shall bear only the fair costs of the process, he would like to be certain that the keepers properly attend to their work, that compensation claims are not trumped up for his spoliation, and, finally, that the substantial offset for game sold is as large as it ought to be. Estate machinery is competent to safeguard all these risks, and so things would be preferred by the owner, since otherwise certain essential servants of the estate are under alien control and not subject to proper discipline, with indifferent attention to the needs of what after all is a valuable tenant as the consequence. If the owner, operating by means of the system which conducts all his other affairs, lets the shooting in its most marketable form, that is, by the gun, he retains the advantage of controlling the staff of keepers, he is no longer debarred from incidental and otherwise wasted sport of the kind which probably offers him greatest delight, he can fill vacant places by inviting those to whom the compliment is due, can insure a value far in advance of that ordinarily delivered, and all this at greater profit to himself. If we want a suit of clothes we do not first buy the cloth and then hunt around for someone to make it up, we obtain the complete article from one who supplies everything. The tenant of good shooting starts by wanting something for



COLONEL WINCH'S TOWERGOOD VIGOR.

himself only, is in the same position of wanting it complete, and certainly does not wish to be bothered by having to sell the by-products, in the form of surplus game. The entire situation is so eminently of a business nature that it is gradually coming under the same processes as the sale of timber or farm produce. The shooting tenant, on his side, requires no entertaining—in fact, is as careful of his dignity as any proprietor could possibly be.

A FLAT-COAT RETRIEVER.

The accompanying rather pleasing photograph of Colonel Winch's Towergood Vigor was taken at Lynford estate on the occasion of the recent championship field trials. Born on February 11th, 1920, by Hollingbourne Help out of Towergood Duchess, breeder Mr. W. Skerry, it may be accepted as a fine example of the flat-coat retriever. Colonel Winch is a strong believer in flat-coats, for, taking everything into consideration, he regards them as better in the field than other breeds and as at last coming into their own after a period of neglect. Generally speaking, he considers they have a better mouth and are not so headstrong as Labradors, while they face rough stuff with equal courage. Once broken, they remain more consistent to the implanted discipline than the generality of other breeds. Colonel Winch's kennels are at Maidstone, and his handler, T. Gowing, is well known at field trials.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OF FAMOUS ABBEYS

NEXT Monday, at Crewe, the auction of the Houghton Hall estate, near Tarporley, will take place, the joint agents being Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Collins and Collins. In the reign of Edward II the property was in the hands of Robert de Halghton, and so remained until the eighteenth century. It then passed to John Comberbach by purchase, and the old timber house, which had sheltered the Houghtons for centuries, was taken down and the materials used in the new residence. Houghton Hall, one of the finest agricultural estates in Cheshire, extends to 1,533 acres. The sale comprises dairy and cheesemaking farms and a comfortable residence rebuilt by Ralph Brocklebank in 1891, from whose executors the vendors bought it.

Camilla Lacey, Box Hill, formerly the home of Madame d'Arblay (Miss Fanny Burney), which was recently submitted to auction by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley (in conjunction with Messrs. Nightingale, Page and Bennett), has been sold by them and Messrs. Alex. H. Turner and Co. Camilla Lacey was originally erected by Miss Fanny Burney from the fortune produced by her novel, "Camilla," and her letters contain many references to her life there. Madame de Staël and Talleyrand were frequent visitors. A few years ago the residence was burned down, and the present house, erected on the site, is a reproduction of an early English manor house.

The impending auction, on March 6th, at Hanover Square, of the site of Meux's Brewery, at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, and of adjoining properties, presumably brings into the market the place where Dr. Johnson supposed that "potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" were to be found. The adjacent hotel, long known as "The Horseshoe," derives its name probably from the gigantic horseshoes formerly nailed up at the entrance to the brewery and used as the trade mark of the brewers. In the "History of Signboards" Mr. Larwood asserts that as a sign "The horseshoe" is seldom found by itself. Its popularity as a sign may conceivably be traced to the old superstition that a hook or a horseshoe served as a charm against witchcraft. Robert Herrick's lines in this connection will be remembered:

"Hang up hooks and speres to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare!"

The freehold is what is known as an "island," or self-contained, site, and, with its present substantial income and alluring prospects of appreciation, forms an investment that is worthy of careful thought by those with large funds seeking a profitable opening.

Slains Castle, on a rugged precipice overlooking the sea at Cruden Bay, is to be disposed of by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It dates to the year 1654, but in the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria was rebuilt to meet modern requirements. Built of granite, it is reminiscent of baronial days, and has a bastion with old guns; and although it may be purchased with a small area of land, some 7,000 acres may be acquired. Cruden Bay Golf Club is on the estate.

Viscount Lascelles has offered, through the All-Ireland Town Tenants' League, to his town tenants at Loughrea, County Galway, the opportunity of purchasing their properties on or before March 31st, at prices which have been duly notified to the persons interested.

COMBE ABBEY SOLD.

COMBE ABBEY, Warwickshire, described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. XXVI, pages 794 and 840), has, we understand, been sold, with 8,000 acres. The mansion, on the site of one of the most famous Cistercian establishments, stands in grounds of 40 acres, with a lake of more than double that area, an arm of which formed the moat. The Abbey is indissolubly connected with the eventful and melancholy career of the eldest daughter of James I, whose prouder title than Queen of Bohemia was that of "Queen of Hearts." The Bohemian Room at the Abbey exhibits portraits of herself and her husband and children. Her association with the Abbey began when, as a little girl, she was handed over to the care of Lord Harrington, who had acquired the estate by marriage. The property was sold

in the year 1622 by Lord Harrington's heiress to Sir Thomas Craven's widow, and it has remained in the ownership of the Craven family until now.

BROCKET HALL AND CONTENTS.

THE coming sale, on March 7th and five following days, by Messrs. Foster, of the contents of Brocket Hall, Hertfordshire, by order of Admiral of the Fleet Lord Walter Kerr, G.C.B., is a reminder that the freehold of 573 acres is also to be sold, privately, through Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard and Messrs. Cobb. The contents of the Hall include a masterpiece by Sir Joshua Reynolds, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1784—a whole length portrait of George, Prince of Wales, standing beside his charger—and there are many valuable portraits.

Brocket Hall, with Panshanger and a vast surrounding acreage, formerly belonged to the Cowper family. The Hall was rebuilt in the middle of the eighteenth century by Sir Matthew Lamb, according to the designs of James Paine. When Queen Victoria visited Brocket Hall, at the time Lord Melbourne lived there, she recorded her admiration of the place in a letter to the King of the Belgians—"The Park and Grounds are beautiful." Lord Palmerston lived at Brocket Hall until his death in the year 1865. In 1905 the property passed by inheritance from Lord Cowper to Lady Kerr.

The late Lord Mount Stephen leased Brocket for a long period, and he often entertained Royal and other distinguished personages there. His executors terminating the lease, this estate comes into the market. It is a good sporting place and capable of being made better still, and very convenient for the meets of the Hertfordshire Fox Hounds, the Puckeridge, the Old Berkeley and the Whaddon Chase, and there is a choice of golf courses within an easy range.

Doiley Manor, Hants, mentioned in these columns last week, was sold by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith to a client of Messrs. Thake and Paginton.

Sir Harold Bowden, Bt., has sold Beeston Fields, his estate of 65 acres between Nottingham and Derby, which has been illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. It is said that on a clear day Belvoir Castle can be seen from the grounds. Beeston Fields is lavishly fitted up.

"AN OLD MANOR HOUSE."

"AN Old Manor House," illustrated in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE last week (page xxx), by Messrs. Whatley Hill and Co., is, of course, that at Haslemere. It is built of red brick, and has the date 1531 inscribed on the wall. The house stands 40ft. above sea level, and has views southwards as far as the Blackdown Hills. It is two miles from Haslemere, off the main route, in a quiet and delightful spot. Much of the main structure of the house seems to be practically in its original state, and nothing beyond the addition of chimney pots has been done to impair the old-world aspect of the property. The internal decoration is mainly in the eighteenth century style, and there are two staircases and various panelled rooms. The gardens are disposed in terraces over the southern slopes of the property, and they have ponds at their lowest point, which are replenished by hillside springs. There is a walled kitchen garden, and a good many possible buyers will not regret that of glass there is comparatively little. Stabling and a garage and cottages for the servants should be mentioned, as well as the fact that the house has electric light, modern sanitation and a perfect water supply. The price of the manor house and about a hundred acres is, we believe, £20,000. Of that area nearly half is woodland, the rest being pasture, arable and orchard. The additional land includes a completely equipped stud farm, with farmhouse and a sufficiency of cottages. The importance of an adequate provision of cottages is always evident, and never more so than when it comes to a question of negotiating a sale. No doubt in some instances the existence of cottages is an inducement to buyers as facilitating subdivision and resale, but it is not suggested that this is the case here.

As a result of Messrs. Constable and Maude's recent auction they report the sale of Hillfield, Mitcham, a freehold residence with 4½ acres; Maynard Cottage, West

Malvern, a freehold property commanding extensive views, on the outskirts of Malvern; and a freehold residence at Richmond (No. 8, Park Hill), which was to come under the hammer this month. Included in Messrs. Constable and Maude's sales next month are Ravenswood, Hamble, a residential property with yachting facilities; Hazelhurst, Ore, on high ground within a few miles of Hastings; and No. 10, Sussex Gardens, Hyde Park, on the premises on February 22nd, together with the furniture.

POLES, WARE, PURCHASED.

POLES, Ware, the beautiful residential and sporting estate in Hertfordshire of the late Mr. H. J. King, has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons to a client of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The finely equipped house, with oak-panelled entrance hall, a very fine galleried hall in oak, twenty-five bed and nine bathrooms, stands in a richly wooded and undulating park. The entire estate comprises the home and other farms and a number of village properties, the whole extending to 1,255 acres, bounded for about a mile by the River Rib. It is within twenty-four miles of London, and affords first-rate shooting, fishing and hunting.

Ashcroft House, Gloucestershire, recently offered by auction, has been sold by private treaty. Ashcroft is a Georgian type of house near Kingscote, in the Cotswolds, and is a complete residential property with farm, the whole area being almost 100 acres. The reserve price at the auction was £7,500. The agents, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock, are opening offices at 132, High Street, Oxford, in charge of their partner, Mr. Duncan Bowerman.

SALE OF WYTHAM ABBEY.

WYTHAM ABBEY, Berkshire, has been sold by Mr. E. H. Tipping, agent of the Earl of Abingdon, to Major R. W. Ffennell of Kensington Palace Gardens, on whose behalf Messrs. Simmons and Sons acted as agents. Mr. Ffennell for some time held a tenancy of the Abbey and the shooting over the estate. The sale includes the Abbey and the greater part of the village of Wytham, and a total area of approximately 2,000 acres, the whole forming one of the most beautiful places in the vicinity of Oxford.

Wytham Abbey is sixteenth century, and possesses a fine embattled gate tower surmounted by two turrets. Built by a Harcourt, whose armorial bearings adorn the ceiling, it was enriched with some of the spoil of Rycote. It may be remembered that the third Earl of Abingdon, a descendant of Lord Norris of Rycote, made a lavish use of the materials of Rycote to embellish Wytham. Cumnor also contributed to the perfecting of Wytham, and the church, rebuilt just over a century ago, and close to the Abbey, is mainly of materials from Cumnor Hall. Even the gate of the churchyard, with its inscription "Janua vitæ verbum Domini," came from Cumnor, and there is a brass showing a knight in armour, supposed to be Richard de Wyghtam, and his wife, who lived in the fifteenth century. Wytham Woods afford glorious views across the Vale of Ensham. Cynewulf, King of the West Saxons, had his palace, if such it could be called, at Wytham; and Offa, King of Mercia, forcibly dispossessed him and occupied it in his stead. There also was a nunnery established by Ceadwalla's sister in the seventh century, but Cynewulf was a bad neighbour for a nunnery, and the nuns left the place during his tenure of that part of the country. The Wyghtams seem to have died out in the reign of Edward IV, and to have been succeeded by the Harcourt family, from whom the property passed to the Crown. It was granted, in the year 1539, to Sir John, later Lord, Williams of Thame. His daughter took the place in marriage to Henry, Lord Norris, a son of that Sir Henry Norris who was beheaded because of his supposed affection for Anne Boleyn. By the marriage of Montagu Bertie, Earl of Lindsay, to the daughter of Edward Wray, Wytham became the property of the Bertie family. Wray, who was Groom of the Chamber to James I, married Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Francis Lord Norris. The Earl of Abingdon's sales of real estate in this neighbourhood now amount to a large sum, for last year he disposed of part of his Cumnor estate privately, as well as having some 1,200 or 1,300 acres brought to auction. ARBITER.



THE HARD BARGAIN.

Illustration by J. H. B. for the story of the same name.

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